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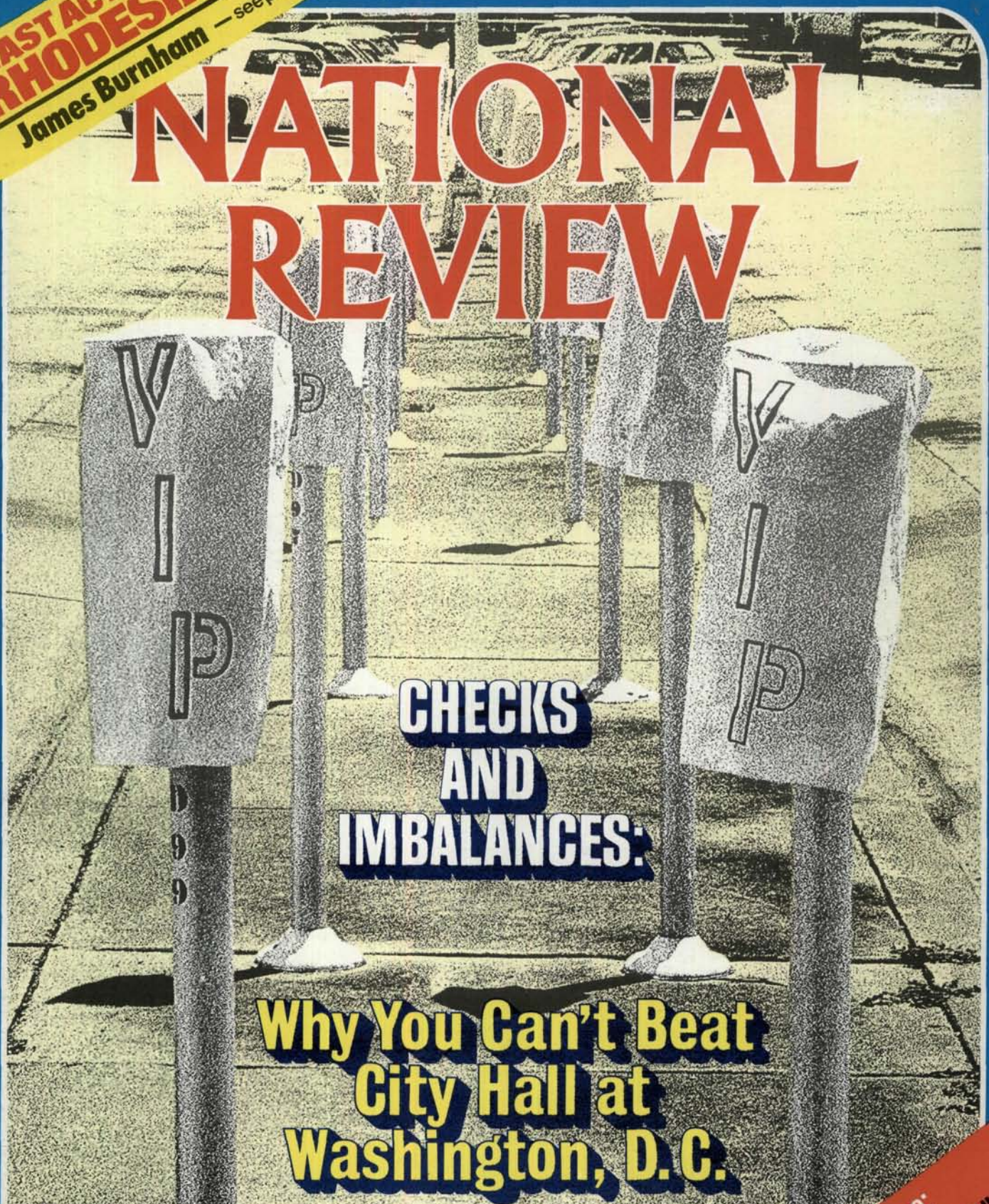
LAST ACT IN RHODESIA
James Burnham — see page 1

SEPTEMBER 29, 1978

NATIONAL REVIEW



CHECKS AND IMBALANCES:

Why You Can't Beat City Hall at Washington, D.C.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

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Kent Golden Lights Menthol	9	0.7
Kool Milds	14	0.9
L&M	17	1.0
L&M Lights	7	0.6
Lark	17	1.1
Marlboro	17	1.0
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Marlboro Menthol	14	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Merit Menthol	8	0.6
Multifilter	13	0.8
Newport	18	1.3
Parliament	9	0.6
Raleigh	16	1.0
Real	9	0.7
Real Menthol	8	0.6
Salem	16	1.1
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
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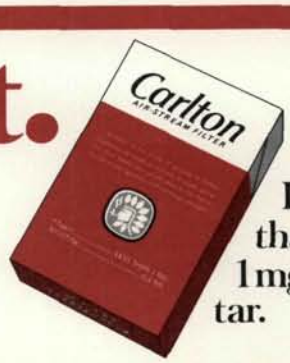

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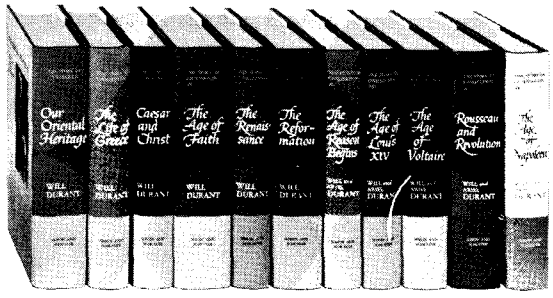

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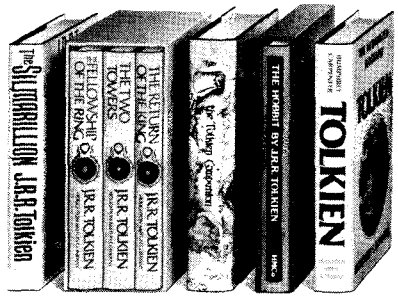

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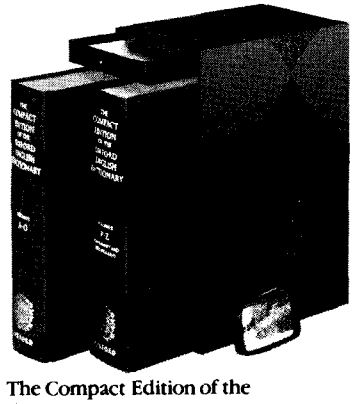

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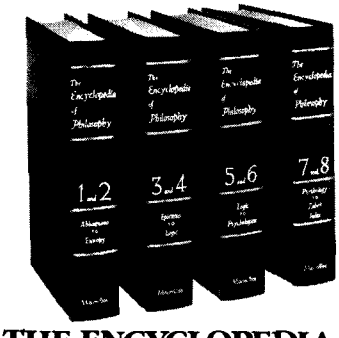

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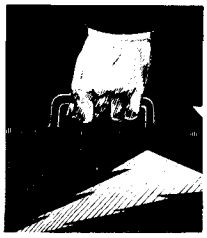

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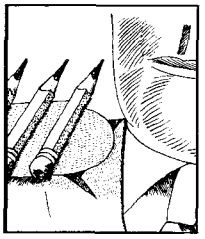

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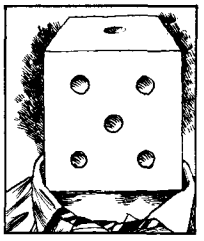

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ARTICLES & COLUMNS

1198 Last Act in Rhodesia
One need not believe either the Smith or the Nkomo account of the secret meeting: the event speaks for itself. *James Burnham*

1199 Why You Can't Beat City Hall at Washington, D.C.
Everybody gripes about the federal bureaucracy, but nobody does anything about it. After a generation of hypertrophy that has defied even Republican Administrations, the question arises whether anything *can* be done about it. To answer that question, NATIONAL REVIEW sponsored a study of the Nixon-Ford years, based largely on interviews with veterans of the Sisyphean struggle. Associate editor Richard Brookhiser, who led the study and wrote the story, here begins a two-part summary of the findings. The story begins with Nixon's first term; the dramatis personae include the President, the shade of Disraeli, a visionary Irish advisor, and a cast of thousands—mostly career civil servants. Brooding over them all is a formidable structure called the Triangle, which is to administrative reform what the Bermuda Triangle reportedly is to pilots and sea dogs. In this issue we see how Nixon began his revamping attempt with what he instantly knew to be "a big mistake." In our next issue, the post-1972 denouement, and some analytical conclusions. *Richard Brookhiser*

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At last! The 95th Congress is beginning to show real concern for the care and feeding of the Golden Goose. *M. Stanton Evans*

1218 Indelible Pope
The death of Paul VI was greeted with something very like relief. But he reigned well in a difficult period, and he deserves to be understood as he really was. *Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

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In a memoir of the Ford White House, Ron Nessen reports *It Sure Looks Different from the Inside*. It sure does—especially when you learn what Jerry *really* thought of Solzhenitsyn. *Robert D. Novak*

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And the trouble with the military, says *Crisis in Command*, is an officer corps that might as well be corporate junior execs on the make. *A. S. Jefferson*

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And the trouble with the radical critics of our schools, says Diane Ravitch, is that they're the kind of people Jerry Ford thinks Solzhenitsyn is. *Mitchell S. Ross*

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An NBC movie about homosexuality makes straights sound like a sick lot. *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

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There's nary a *bon mot* in Woody Allen's new film, but there are *beaucoup de gaffes*. *John Simon*

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✻

Letters

Up to Where?

Charles Kesler has admirably rescued Solzhenitsyn from his journalist critics ["Up from Modernity," Sept. 15], who were more interested in nit-picking than in serious analysis. But Mr. Kesler's discussion—and Solzhenitsyn's speech—begs the question: How *do* we get up from modernity?

Like most of us, Solzhenitsyn is more effective at attacking the West than he is at constructing alternative systems. He rightly rejects a social consensus that has been forced from without—i.e., totalitarianism. Instead, Mr. Solzhenitsyn would rely on "voluntary self-restraint" and moral education to develop the spiritual self-discipline of communal values. Has he spoken with the denizens of Times Square about this? Perhaps he's also convinced Albert Shanker of the wisdom of his curriculum?

The point is that when liberalism—modernity, if you wish—smashed the communal bonds of the Middle Ages in the name of freedom, it did a pretty thorough job. Those thinkers who have since tried to restore the notion of community have all eventually lapsed into their own brand of tyranny: J. S. Mill's "religion of humanity"; Thomas Hill Green's positivism; nationalism; Marxism; socialism. Solzhenitsyn, I know, has only good intentions. But he may find that "spiritual development" is easier to write about than it is to apply to a diverse world. And he may also discover that the U.S. Constitution, with its Preamble's ringing faith in truth and justice, is about the best compromise.

Timothy James
Menominee, Mich.

The Joys of Kempton

I had sort of lost touch with Murray Kempton's writing in the last few years, and then to come across his first column in your pages ["The Bitterness of Wisdom," Sept. 1], so delicate in its joy and its irony, was doubly pleasing.

Nowadays we tend to be bombarded by columnists who tell us everything that is going on in their minds—hey, gang! look at me!—as if it were important just because it is theirs. Mr. Kempton belongs to a different and noble tradition; he is no less personal, but infinitely more aware of his place in the order of things ("One ought in decency to have at least as much care for Eliot's self-esteem and for Hopkins' as for one's own"), and, therefore, paradoxically, infinitely more interesting himself—like, for example, Chesterton; and like, appropriately, W. H. Auden, a verse from whose oratorio prompted Mr. Kempton's musings here. "How could I have forgotten that, among the tricks that the conspiracy of life has in store, lying in wait for us until we die, are the delights of surprise and the consolations of folly?" Mr. Kempton's column was one of those delights; and I look forward to more.

Julie Wilcox
Chicago, Ill.

Carrying the Torch

I am aghast that James Burnham advocates a boycott by all freedom-loving nations of the 1980 Moscow Olympics ["The Protracted Conflict," Sept. 1]. As of now, my son is destined to take part in those games, having just won a gold medal at the Colorado Springs National Sports Festival (a tune-up for the Olympics), as a goalie in a soccer-type sport called Team-Handball.

I suggest that Mr. Burnham put principle aside in deference to having a NATIONAL REVIEW subscriber carry the Olympic torch of freedom through the streets of Moscow in 1980.

Alfred LaPerch
Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

Feminine Courage

Patricia Bailey's comments ["Notes & Asides," Aug. 18] make a lot of sense. I recall a long conversation I had with a lady in Washington, D.C. in June 1965. She was married and the mother of two young children, but also a distinguished journalist—a winner of the Pulitzer Prize—then working on what proved to be her last and most important book (*Our Vietnam Nightmare*). As a combat correspondent in Korea, where she often carried a carbine as well as a typewriter, she acquired a reputation for reckless bravery. She landed with one of the early waves of Marine assault troops on Red Beach at Inchon, and after another battle was publicly commended by a regimental commander for heroism under fire. Yet nothing about her seemed "unfeminine." She was very attractive, wore dresses, and smiled charmingly. To quote the obituary that appeared in the *New York Times* a little over six months later: "There was steel in Marguerite Higgins' character, but it was concealed in a feminine figure, and the femininity always showed."

If we conservatives mean what we say when we emphasize the value of individual freedom, we should beware of putting human beings—with all their diversity of character and aptitude—in categories de-

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ALMOST EVERYONE HAS A $10,000.00 IDEA. HERE'S HOW TO MAKE IT PAY.

By
Ernest P. Weckesser, Ph.D.

Several years ago, while I was teaching college in Indiana, I stumbled across a "money hobby" that has changed my life.

Oddly enough, I discovered it while browsing through magazines in a drug store. In almost every magazine there were dozens of small ads selling one basic thing—printed information.

The financial magazines contained small ads for "newsletters," "reports" and "booklets." The science and mechanics magazines were loaded with classified ads for all sorts of "how-to" books, "instructions," "plans," etc.

I was most surprised by the fact that almost all the ads were placed by individuals—not by large companies.

This was too fascinating to resist. I decided to place two small ads myself.

I put together a booklet containing some of my best wine recipes and another about Australia. A few days after the ads appeared I stopped by the post office.

When I looked through the little glass window on my P.O. box, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed—jammed—packed full of envelopes. Hundreds of orders containing cash and checks! I couldn't believe it.

$9,450.00 IN 45 DAYS

When the dust finally settled around our house, I talked with other successful advertisers. I discovered . . .

1. A young graduate student in Texas markets a body-building manual for $3.00. He uses one classified ad in six magazines. It's strictly a sparetime activity but he reports earnings of $300.00 monthly.

2. A retired U.S. Army sergeant in Arizona wrote a 24-page booklet. His three $17.00 classified ads brought him $300.00 in cash orders.

3. A Kentucky woman selling a 15-page travel booklet for $1.00 was literally swamped with orders. In 87 days her classified ad running in six magazines made a net profit of $2,230.00 from a gross of $3,250.00. She was 69 years of age, widowed and living alone in her apartment at the time.

4. A husband-wife team in Oregon compiled their own "how-to" booklet. They put a small display ad in one newspaper. Within only 45 days that one ad pulled $9,450.00 in cash orders.

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich-quick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as $13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in—mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over $220,000.00 in CASH orders for his $3.00 booklet.

I realize this all sounds too good to be true. But here's a way you can actually verify what

TRY THIS TEST

★ First, obtain several magazines containing classified ads. You don't have to buy *them . . . just borrow them from the library.*

★ Second, get old copies of the same magazines—at least 10-13 months old.

★ Third, turn to the classified sections of each and place the old magazine beside the new magazine.

★ Fourth, compare both. Cross-check each one to see how many ads in the old magazine are still running in the new edition.

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It has to be. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it.

WHY NOT YOU?

Consider these facts:

- It's simple to begin . . . just an hour a week can get you started at home.
- It's inexpensive to begin . . . I'll show you how to place a test ad in a national magazine for only $13.50. Your total starting investment can be less than $25.00.
- You don't have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you an easy way to get hundreds of different books at wholesale prices or less.
- If your test ad produces even a modest profit you can run wild with it. The whole nation is yours.
- Your profit margin may exceed 1,000%! My wine book cost 36 cents to print yet sold for $3.98.
- It's private. Even if you begin making $75,000.00 a year you can run your entire business from your home or apartment.
- It's safe. Information booklets and newsletters *aren't breakable, mechanical or chemical.* They're easy to mail in small envelopes and can be stored in a closet.
- You don't have to be a "writer". My first effort was only 14 pages and sold for $1.98. I had it run off for 8¢ a copy. Even so, it pulled in thousands of dollars, month after month.
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J.J., California

•"Super! I'm converting 22% of my inquiries using a classified ad in Rolling Stone magazine."
T.M., Maryland

•"Excellent! I've gotten 600 subscribers to my newsletter in the first year . . ."
V.J., Missouri

•"Enclosed is a pamphlet I wrote after reading Dollars in Your Mailbox. It sold 400 copies from an ad in the Atlanta Journal at $2.00 each . . ."
F.A., Florida

•". . . the enclosed booklet is one I had printed and have done WELL with . . . Thanks to you!"
R.D., Pennsylvania

•"I can honestly say that your book is the best I've ever read!"
G.R., Arizona

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signed to restrict their choice of livelihood. When Marguerite Higgins was expelled from Korea by a general who considered war no place for a woman, General Douglas MacArthur overruled the decision. Apparently MacArthur realized that war was indeed a place for people with soldierly qualities, however those qualities are packaged. One need not be a radical feminist or a supporter of ERA to conclude that MacArthur was right.

Kenneth H. W. Hilborn
London, Ont.

Tribute

Reading Jeffrey Hart and Henry Regnery ["Willmoore Kendall: Philosopher of Consensus," Sept. 1] took me back to the time of Kendall's death. In the Winter 1968 issue of *P.S.* (published by the American Political Science Association) Professor Charles S. Hyneman accurately noted "In Memoriam" that Kendall's stature as a scholar was secure but that Kendall "was out of phase with the liberal mood of American scholarship." In the next appearance of *P.S.*, Spring 1968, others took up where Hyneman left off and pointed out to the profession just how much of a closed-minded, closed-shop society it is. What they made clear is that the "liberal mood" is not a "phase" but a permanent affliction. But when the curtain descended on the life of Willmoore Kendall, there were only tributes, even from the liberal side, to his scholarly integrity, and recognition of the price he paid for being a conservative.

William Goodman
Hallandale, Fla.

Test Tube Ethics

In characterizing the ethical confusion, even among Catholic commentators, about extra-uterine development of human life ["The Week," Aug. 18], you never explain that a proper application of traditional Catholic moral principles might handle the issue.

Beaker baby development is objectionable on three grounds, two conditional and one inherent: 1) Disposal of any "unacceptable" fertilized ova, an apparent concomitant in the present state of the science, constitutes the taking of human life, and thereby is as objectively evil as abortion, infanticide, euthanasia, or any other form of human killing. 2) The use of semen from a non-husband donor, regardless of participant agreement, would be objectively evil for reasons very obviously related to the Sixth Commandment. 3) In the husband-donor situation, the procreative aspect of the marriage act is allowed for or achieved, but the masturbative act necessary to obtain the impregnating semen and the disposal (if any) of unfertilized ova in the process of working up a conceptive solution are morally objectionable in their violation of the unitive purpose: a shattering of conjugal intimacy that, regardless of the purity of intent, is a direct assault upon the family and upon a principal reason for its existence.

Michael McGrath
Winfield, Ill.

Russian Cruise

The picture on the September 1 cover recalls my cruise to Leningrad aboard the *Royal Viking Star*. We were docked in Leningrad Harbor for 36 hours, and half that time I stayed aboard. It didn't take me long to realize that the activity in that Russian seaport was geared in preparation for war.

While most of the freight was in crates, those crates, it can safely be said, were not Cadillacs or any other vehicles for individuals, but heavy armored equipment. It is extremely hard for me to understand why our government and many of our citizens are willing to divest themselves of any defense against a future onslaught of this military might. This includes any disarmament, SALT, or atomic testing agreement. The Russians are armed to the hilt, and we had better be too.

Charles Harwood Jr.
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Papal Politics

Both Professor Neusner and Mr. Martin agree ["The Pope Is Dead," Sept. 1] that the institution of the Papacy is endangered on two fronts: by reformist radicalism from within and Communism from without. Yet Professor Neusner, despite his deft analysis, still seems to have missed the sore spot.

Following French positivism and Marxism, Catholic reformism has reflected the philosophical and ideological problems of industrial societies. Those problems incubated social situations and modes of life with which the Church had difficulty coping. The results are all around us. The history of the Church has come to mean yielding crucial tenets by proclaiming the miracles of renewal and relevance.

Leo XIII's disapproval of "materialistic laissez-faire," enunciated in *Rerum Novarum*, has turned with time into the grotesqueries of the Berrigans' militancy and Graham Greene's capitulationism; Professor Neusner writes about this with admirable understanding. The gist of Pope Leo's thought was that the Church *also* must care about the poor. But his distinction between moral concern and economic precept has been blurred. And the poor have concluded that Marxists, socialists, and Communists are more compassionate and better at redistributing goods. The Church could promise neither the slaughter of corporation chairmen, nor the plunder of banks, nor the beati-

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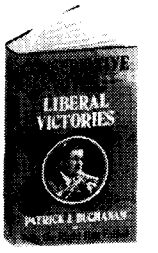

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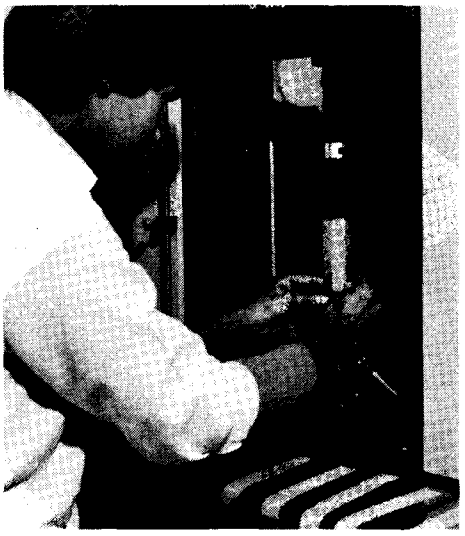

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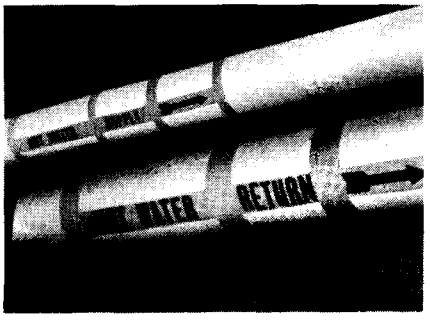

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tudes of expropriation. Communism could.

A pope who does not recognize Communism as enemy number one—in Italy, Argentina, or behind the Iron Curtain—will cooperate in reducing Christianity's substance. Catholic personalism versus Marxist-Leninist collectivism is *the* issue: they are antithetical worldviews. However, Catholicism seems more vulnerable these days, unable, as it is, to defend non-negotiable principles. The firmness of the faith falls to the temptation of fashion—a sin too venal to be venial. A pope, the traditional defender of Christendom, who ignores the genocide of the Maronites while mourning every Moslem guerrilla casualty will sow doubt in many hearts—as the spiritual texture of Catholicism becomes a modish fabric draped around the left-liberal principle which asserts that only a leftist victim is a victim.

Will John Paul be able to bring it all back into focus? Mr. Martin has written elsewhere about the robustness of Polish Catholicism in dealing with Communist oppression. One reason is that there's little interest in Poland for modern rashes like ordination of women. The Polish Church faces the formidable power of Communism with the Thomistic dimension of the human soul.

Leopold Tyrmand
Rockford, Ill.

Pope Paul ["On the Right," Sept. 1] was indeed responsible for vernacularizing the liturgy, but not, by any means, for the liturgical aberrations occurring in so many of our churches today. The Second Vatican Council, whose decrees he strove so faithfully to implement, stated specifically that no one, "not even a priest, may add, remove, or change anything in the liturgy on his own authority." It also wanted liturgy to become a major subject of study in our seminaries, something that doesn't seem to have happened anywhere as yet. Over the years, the Pope frequently deplored the so-called liturgical "creativity," doing this most recently in his message to U.S. bishops for the bicentennial year, in which he urged a more vigilant implementation of the *sancta sancte tractanda* principle in the American church.

Liturgy among us may indeed be something of a mess, but Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s "impression that the highlight of the Mass comes when the priest signals the congregation to cohabit with one another"—presumably a reference to the so-called "kiss of peace" before Communion, intended as a gesture of reconciliation after the example of Jesus washing the feet of his disciples at the Last Supper—seems a rather low blow.

Rev. J. Gredler, CSSR
North East, Pa.

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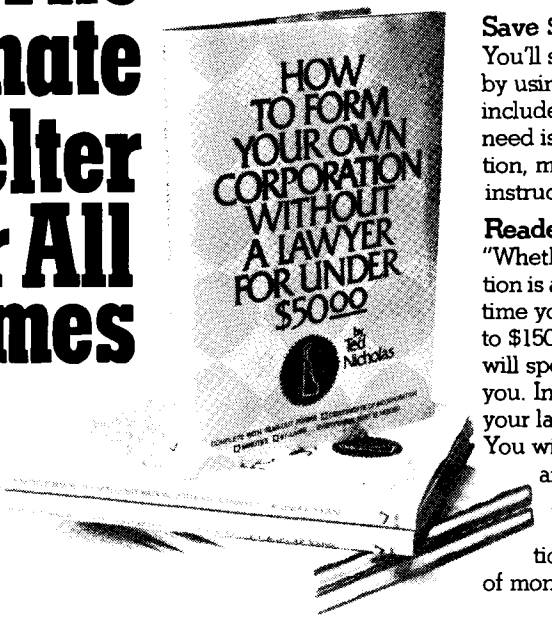

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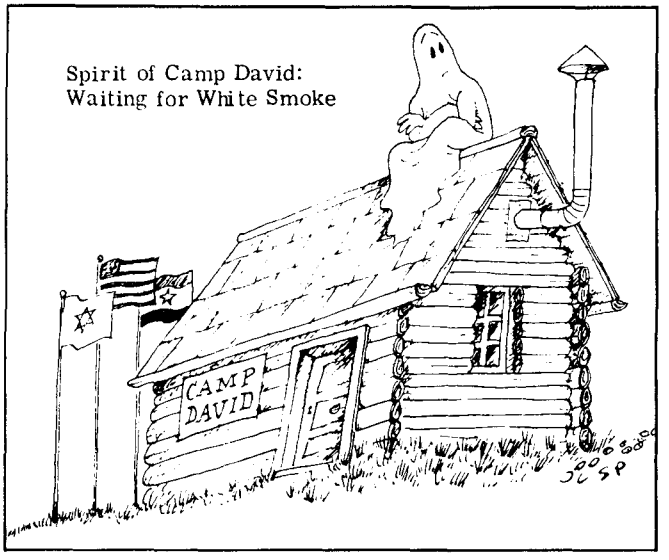
FOR THE RECORD

■ The Republicans have found themselves a big issue and they plan to hit it hard: thrift *v.* big spending. Starting Sept. 20, their top team will hit seven cities in support of across-the-board income tax cuts over a three-year period (the **Kemp-Roth** bill). Among the speakers: former President **Jerry Ford, Ronald Reagan, Bill Simon, Howard Baker, John Rhodes, Bill Brock, Robert Dole, Charles Percy**—yes, you heard it right—and Jack Kemp. The cities they will hit: New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis/St. Paul, Chicago, Oklahoma City, Los Angeles. . . . Footnote: Although Kemp-Roth was voted down in the House a fortnight ago, the Republicans supported it 140 to 3. . . . On another front, two conservative Republicans, Sen. **Carl Curtis** and House Minority Leader John Rhodes are *urging state legislatures to place* referendums on their November ballots asking voters to choose between a balanced federal budget and continued deficit spending. This, they say, could make candidates more responsive to the wants of their constituents. . . . The most recent **Harris** shows Americans favor the cuts on the capital gains tax now moving through Congress, by 66 to 28 per cent. . . . In California **Jerry Brown** has certainly gotten the message. "We're facing a second American revolution," he says, "unless there is tax relief."



Jusp, *Wir Bruckenbauer* Rotheo

■ *U.S. News* reports that **White House** political strategists are no longer as scared of a Jerry Brown primary blitz in 1980 as they once were. Reason could be that despite his successful flimflam on Proposition 13, Brown is not doing so well these days in his race against Republican gubernatorial candidate **Evelle Younger**. **Mervin Field** has Brown only five points ahead of Younger, and a *Los Angeles Times* poll shows the number one, two, three choices of California voters for Democratic presidential candidate next time to be: **Kennedy** (48), **Carter** (25), Brown (17). . . . On the Republican side, the *Christian Science Monitor* reports that **Phil Crane**—the first candidate officially in the 1980 race on either side—is not yet a household word, but that Crane has raised at least $5,000 in each of twenty states, which means he will be eligible for matching federal funds. . . . Ronald Reagan may be older than some of the others, but no less energetic. He's scheduled 75 speeches in 25 states in the months of September and October. . . . Friends of Robert Dole are letting it be known that Jerry Ford's preferences, if he decides against another presidential try, are—Robert Dole, or **George Bush**.

■ Organized labor is mad that they haven't gotten much out of the 95th Congress, and they are blaming business, the Republicans, and the "ultra Right" for it. Says UAW President **Douglas Fraser**, "What's happened is that we've been outhustled, out-worked, and out-spent by the right wing." . . . Machinists Union President **William Wingsinger**, a mean man with a phrase, calls conservatives "the spiritual descendants of **Hitler**'s Germany, **Mussolini**'s Italy, and **Franco**'s Spain." (He forgot **Caligula**'s Rome.) For good measure he calls columnists **James Jackson Kilpatrick** and **WFB** "intellectual prostitutes of the radical Right," putting them in company with liberal columnist **John Roche**, who was tagged a "professional Red-baiter" by the Communist *Daily World*. . . . Labor is cranking up big campaign in Missouri where a **right-to-work** amendment will be on the ballot in November. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* estimates unions will spend between $1 and $2.5 million to try to defeat it. . . . Union membership isn't growing, says the **Conference Board**, a nonprofit economic research organization, largely because the unions have concentrated their efforts on low-growth industries.

■ That's gratitude for you. **George McGovern**'s call for an international force to overthrow the **Khmer Rouge** government in Cambodia was, says that government, "an orchestrated campaign . . . by a representative of the U.S. imperialism" to make the world forget "the ignominious and historical defeat of the [U.S.] imperialists in Kampuchea in April 1975."

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But in the "voluntary" parts of your car insurance—collision and comprehensive (fire and theft)—that cover physical damage to your own car, there are some things you can do to lower your insurance bill.

Safe drivers pay lower premiums for both liability and collision coverage. Insurance rates are set that way because drivers with a good past history are less likely to have accidents in the future. Many insurance companies define "safe drivers" as those with two or less moving traffic violations and no "chargeable, at fault" accidents within the past three years. Their premiums may be as much as 25% lower.

You can often cut your premiums for collision and comprehensive by 25% to 50% by raising your deductible. Many people still choose full-coverage comprehensive and $100 deductible collision coverage. That means they pay the first $100 on collision-related damages and the insurance company pays the rest. But just look what happens when you increase the deductibles to $200 on comprehensive and $500 on collision: In Los Angeles, for example, the typical annual premium for a safe driver will drop from $358 to $197. The higher the deductible, the lower the premium. (See the chart for more examples.)

Of course, you assume more of the risk by choosing higher deductibles. It's a personal decision that should be based on a thorough evaluation of the age of your car, the value of your car on the used-car market, and your own financial situation. If your car is more than five years old, it may not pay to buy any collision insurance. If you do have an accident, casualty losses over $100 that are not reimbursed by insurance coverage are tax deductible, in many instances, providing you itemize your tax return.

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	Standard	Safe Driver	Safe Driver
ATLANTA	$267	$201	$111
CHICAGO	$947	$711	$395
LOS ANGELES	$476	$358	$197
SANTA FE	$412	$311	$172
WINNETKA, ILL. (suburb of Chicago)	$372	$280	$154

*Insurance premiums are based on many factors, including your age, the kind of car you own and where you live. Rates vary from company to company. The figures above do not include liability coverage.

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THE WEEK

■ In the Soviet Union, the conviction of Yuri Kropotkin has been overturned. The police neglected to inform him that he has no rights.

■ A MOTHER'S LOVE DEPT.: *National Journal* reports that in the course of campaigning for Alex Seith, the Democratic candidate to unseat Senator Charles Percy, Miz Lillian has discovered a neat way of remembering the name of her candidate. All you have to do, says the First Mother, is keep in mind that it rhymes with "Jimmy's teeth." If, somewhere out there, an Alex Szasz ever decides to run on a Democratic ticket, the Democratic National Committee had better ask Miz Lillian to stay home.

■ Government Accounting Office investigators have discovered that a government program to insure otherwise uninsurable slum buildings has resulted in a wave of arson for profit. Operators simply buy up slum properties, load up on federal insurance, and then burn the places down.

■ Faster than you can say Howard Jarvis, tax-cut fever has become this season's political rage. Consider: 1) Tax-cut gurus Jack Kemp and Howard Jarvis are the heroes of the Republican banquet circuit, drawing big crowds at every fund-raiser. 2) The Kemp-Roth bill to reduce federal taxes by 30 per cent has become formal Republican Party policy. Though it was defeated in this Congress, it has over 150 sponsors and promises to resurface next session (see "The Lawmakers," page 1216). 3) The California Assembly, with the blessing of that political virtuoso Governor Jerry Brown, has voted 75 to 0 to cut state income taxes by $1 billion. This is besides the 57 per cent cut in local property taxes mandated by Proposition 13. 4) Property tax limitation proposals will appear on the November 7 ballot in at least four states—Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and Michigan—and spending or income tax limitation measures will appear in eight others. Most of these are constitutional-amendment proposals intended to be binding on state legislatures. Tea party, anyone?

■ And, as a practical guide to spilling tea, *The Taxpayer's Guide to Effective Tax Revolt* (Dale Books, $1.95) has recently been published in paperback. Authors Sheldon D. Engelmayer and Robert J. Wagman call it "a how-to primer for tax limitation at the state and local levels." The ACU (422 First Avenue, S.E., Washington, D.C.) is helping with distribution.

■ Senator Jake Garn has made a provocative point about the proposed ERA ratification extension, specifically as regards the question of rescinding. Back in 1971, he points out, Congress calmly contemplated the possibility that, though it had never happened (and still hasn't), a constitutional convention might one day be called for the purpose of amending the Constitution. (See Article V.) The idea was to settle the procedures in advance, lest they arise in the heat of controversy and get entangled with the substance of a proposed amendment. So the 92nd Congress passed the Federal Constitutional Convention Procedures Act, Section 13 of which provided that, once such a convention had passed an amendment and it awaited ratification by three-fourths of the states, *any state, having ratified, might rescind*—so long as it did so by the same processes by which it had ratified, and before a full three-fourths of the states had validly ratified. The Congress figured that a state has the right to change its mind, just like a woman. The law doesn't apply to the other method of ratification, but the reasoning does. Senator Garn has been twitting a few of his colleagues, like Birch Bayh, who eloquently backed the procedures then, and now want ERA by hook or by crook.

■ Such is Charles Wiley's facility for moving mountains that he is transforming New Jersey's 15th Congressional District into a little New Hampshire. *NR* contributor Wiley has a herd of Republican presidential hopefuls beating a path to his door in support of his bid to unseat liberal Democrat Edward Patten. Representative Phil Crane, Senator Robert Dole, and Representative Jack Kemp, and, from the other side of the spectrum, Representative John Anderson have all visited the district to call attention to Wiley's sterling abilities. Ronald Reagan has taped some radio commercials for Wiley, and Gerald Ford may do some. If he has anything left of the money Tong-sun Park gave him, Patten would be wise to save it for his imminent retirement.

■ The ordinarily sensible—hell, ordinarily sublime—*Wall Street Journal* notes that in the late Middle Ages the College of Cardinals, when sequestered in conclave,

Accident Report

A missile downed the Viscount;
  Eighteen survived the crash.
Ten subsequently got it as
  They made an exit dash.
Guerrillas did the shooting—
  The ones that Andrew Young
Says all Rhodesia's citizens
  Should love to live among.

W. H. VON DREELE

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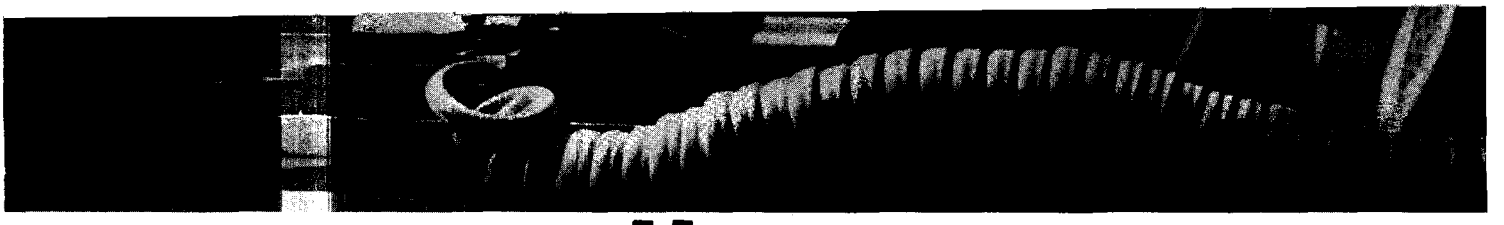

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The explanation is really quite simple. During the same period of time, this telephone has been redesigned literally dozens of times. Western Electric engineers kept discovering ways to make it a little more efficiently. So while our materials and labor costs were going up, we've been able to hold our manufacturing costs down. Not a bad way to cope with inflation.

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In 1977, the net effect of our co reduction program was a savings of over $200,000,000.

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With cost reductions like these, no wonder our rate of productivity improvement is well ahead of the overall U.S. rate. And it's one reaso that during the past 10 years, telephone rates have risen less than hal as fast as the consumer price index.

It's a reflection of our continuin innovation and the close collaboratic of Western Electric, Bell Labs, and Bell System telephone companies

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

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was permitted only two dishes of food per day, which was to be reduced, after eight days, to bread, wine, and water. The next pope was elected in one day. "This," offers the *Journal*, "might be a way to get some action out of Congress." We say feed 'em lobster and booze, and don't give *The New Republic* any ideas.

■ The European Economic Community (like a certain North American government we know about), under the pressure of its farmers, sets a high parity price for many farm products and buys up what cannot be sold at this price in the market. The result, following naturally enough, is continuing over-production of those products, and especially of milk, which is assigned an especially high parity. So what is called the European "butter mountain" forms and grows. It got so big three years ago that the EEC authorities sold a big hunk of it —secretly, in an effort to conceal the transaction from EEC consumers—at about a third of the parity price that is the cheapest an EEC consumer can ever get. The deal leaked out, and there were some bitter complaints from housewives, though not from farmers. The sales were suspended—and the mountain at once began a new expansion. It is now 250,000 tons, more than enough to fill every cubic inch (or centimeter) of St. Paul's Cathedral.

■ *But do they all like* him? Here's Jimmy on: Bert Lance, "My good friend, one of the closest friends I have in the world." Dr. Peter Bourne and his wife, "Among the closest friends I have in the world." CIA Director Stansfield Turner, "My closest possible associate in the future." House Speaker Tip O'Neill, "Someone who in such a short time can become one's closest friend" (copy to Robert Griffin). Senator Jennings Randolph (D., W.Va.) and West Virginia Governor John D. Rockefeller, "A very close personal friend." Vice President Walter Mondale, Arthur Burns, and VA Director Max Cleland, "A close personal friend." EPA's Barbara Blum, SBA's A. Vernon Weaver, AT&T head John DeButts, and one Ray Starnes, a figure from Carter's naval days, "A very close personal friend." Senator Claiborne Pell and Senator William Hathaway, "A close friend." Henry Howell of Virginia, the Shah of Iran, Indian Prime Minister Morarji Desai, and former DNC Chairman Kenneth Curtis, "A personal friend." Imagine how he feels about George Gallup.

■ His Holiness Pope John Paul I seems to be, to use the secular idiom, a take-charge guy. No sooner had Metropolitan Nikodim, Orthodox archbishop of Leningrad and utterly orthodox stooge of Moscow, parted his jaws to greet the new Pontiff than he slumped back lifeless, his final lie unconsummated. The temptation in this case must have been well-nigh irresistible. Still, if the Holy Father is going to keep in touch with most of the world's leaders, he must learn to use this power sparingly.

■ The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare boasts that it has wasted $146,000,000 in the last six months in payments to the aged, blind, and disabled. Congratulations are in order.

■ A revolutionary Chinese gourmet delicacy, dog, is now in short supply in Peking. The co-operative that usually provides the restaurants with dog, turtle, and eel has been out of these items for weeks now. The regime may try to cope with the shortage by bringing back, on a trial basis of course, the warlords.

■ Lou Brock never stole a base more deftly than *New Yorker* book critic George Steiner, whose review of *The Gulag Archipelago III* mentioned in passing "the Nazi, the Soviet, the Chilean, and the Cambodian Gulags." Say that again, George. Slo-o-o-w this time.

■ The depths of Mr. Carter's popularity are still being

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*after adjusting for inflation

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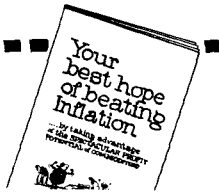

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A television series of faded memory used to begin with the tag line, "There are eight million stories in the Naked City." The line was meant to suggest the richness and variety of life in the Naked City, known otherwise as New York. In this city by the Potomac, merchandised elsewhere as the Nation's Capital, there are somewhat fewer stories. Three, I think.

1. Take Hank, for instance. He's 38, married, two kids. He's a political consultant, by which I mean that he travels the country each fall, dropping in on litter-strewn campaign headquarters to offer expensive advice. Before the advice can be put to work, of course, he must be on to the next stop. After all, if you're a political consultant, you must make your yearly nut between June and November. With a little hot air in the fee structure, good plane connections, and a dash of double-billing, it can be done.

Hank could certainly make his nut. He's a quick study and he's applied the brass polish to his name at a hundred panel discussions. But, at age 38, Hank is in the twilight of the political consultant's day—it's a young man's game. (And I don't mean young person's game.) There's always somebody a little more comfortable with the latest crop of buzz words. So Hank has found another way to make his nut. He dabbles in real estate.

Real estate is the other business in Washington. For thousands of people, including household names, it is compulsive-obsessive. Cocktail chatter segues smoothly from political roughhouse to price blips and back again. Unlike the rest of the world, which trades in house after house as the young family climbs the income ladder, trendy Washington never sells a house. As material success shines upon them, they move up and out to the bigger, better house, but they never unload the old place. They rent it out to the transient. By the time they hit forty and their fourth house, they're in the real estate business. This year, a big political year, Hank is traveling less than ever. He spends his time in landlordly chores and takes in $110,000 a year.

2. Or take Helen. She's 29, married, no children. Her husband is a fancy downtown lawyer. (Over a Scotch, he explains that he produces a product much in demand in present-day Washington—the authoritative-sounding memorandum.) When he's at the top of his game, he stops projects in their tracks. But back to Helen. She's a charming, pretty woman who warms up any room with her presence. Professionally, she's a scatterbrain who has held jobs beyond her competence for the last five years. She's a beneficiary of the pre-emptively affirmative action that now characterizes the Washington employment market. Helen works for a Political Action Committee, or PAC, as an Administrative Assistant. This is known as being in the right place at the right time. PACs are one of the true growth industries in the modern economy: a government-sanctioned mechanism for laundering corporate and special-interest political money. The growth of PACs demonstrates conclusively that the American system can still respond to a real market need. And the Washington woods are now full of Administrative Assistants.

Helen tells me at dinner that she has had it at the PAC. Her boss is driving her up the wall and her prospects for advancement in the short-run are just about nil. She's decided to lay the bad news on him tomorrow—she's quitting to take a higher-paying job. Helen's salary is $32,500 right now.

3. Jack's story is a bit different. He's thirty, single, a rising young executive with one of the Beltway Bandits. (Socio-geographical note: metropolitan Washington is circled by a major highway, I-495, known for obvious reasons as the Beltway. Clustered around the Beltway are hundreds of consulting, counseling, and kibitzing firms, most of them founded and run by former government bureaucrats. The cynical thesis advanced by indigenous sociologists is that these folks create esoteric government projects, then start firms to take in the appropriated monies. Nothing in life is that simple, of course, (In this case, it's damn near that simple.)

Jack wants to meet me for breakfast (in the Washington idiom, a serious meeting). He rolls out a long story of office politics, impossible to follow without a program. A and B, it seems, have a blocking angle on C, all of which makes Jack look bad with the big client, D. Sure, Jack's making good money, but he just doesn't need the aggravation any more. For chrissakes, he's thirty years old.

I mumble a few words of conventional wisdom: Don't quit until you have the next job lined up, I say; it can't be that bad—so you take the guff for a few months. It *is* that bad, he insists, and besides, he's not making *that* much money—$42,500 plus $15,000 profit-sharing.

It was three weeks before I heard from Jack again. He was calling from his new Beltway office, wanted to know if I could recommend a crackerjack Administrative Assistant. I gave him Helen's number. —CATO

---

plumbed. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, the Communications Workers sent 5,000 fund appeal letters to members, half bearing a picture of the union president with Jimmy, half without. The withouts got three times as many responses.

■ Uh, oh. Mr. Carter announces that wage and price controls will not be imposed unless we face a "very serious emergency or crisis" (September 5).

■ Uh, oh, oh, oh. "Wage-price guides backed by a system of limited [uh-huh] sanctions are finding favor with the Administration as a way to strengthen the anti-inflation program," the *Wall Street Journal* reports (September 8). Funny how a very serious emergency or crisis can blow up in three days.

■ The Federal Reserve System was born in 1913, 65 years ago, to prevent depressions (except those in odd-numbered years) and to protect the value of the dollar, thanks to which tender loving ministrations the 1913 dollar (silver) is now worth 12 cents (paper). Have you ever heard a better case for mandatory retirement at 65?

■ Actually, there is one. The federal income tax was also born 65 years ago.

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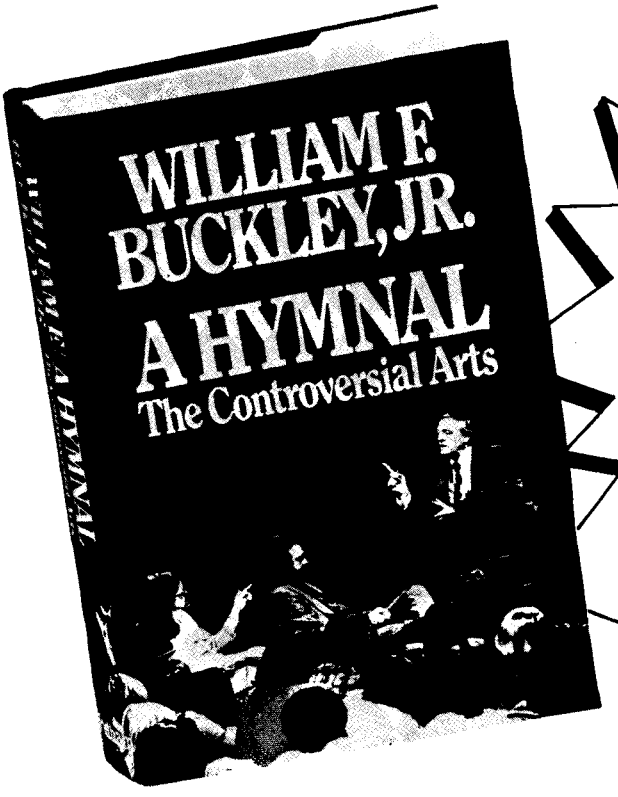

SAVE $6.50 (with this offer!)

Here it is, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s new book, bound to be a conservative bestseller. Not often does a book as special as this one come along (in fact, it's been three years since the last one) but "A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts" is well worth the waiting. It's a book you'll dip into again and again, an intriguing collection of some of Buckley's best writings, a goodly portion of which have not hitherto been generally available.

They are now all collected in "Hymnal," which contains so much good stuff, so many articles that are sheer pleasure to read, it's hard to know where to begin. You'll certainly want to know all about—

- **God and Man at Yale: Twenty-five Years Later**
- **Experiencing Andy Young**
- **Inflation: Senator Kennedy's Funny Money**
- **Abortion as a Campaign Issue**
- **The Return of Edgar Smith**
- **A Day in Israel**
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- **A Tory's Tribute to Hubert Humphrey**
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—and much, much more (well over a hundred other articles and essays), for this is a *big* book, almost 500 pages, and as a result sells for a substantial $12.95. So, to make it easier for you (our readers) to get your own copy of this hardcover, first edition, we've put together a *very* special offer based on a low-cost 18 issue (9 months) subscription, either new or renewal.

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■ DESEGREGATION NOTES. In Offenbach, West Germany, one Grete Bardaum has filed simultaneous paternity suits against the fathers of her three-year-old fraternal twin sons. Since one of the fathers is black and the other white, Fraulein Bardaum has achieved yet another first: a racially integrated set of twins. And she is probably the only person in the Western world who can be absolutely certain of immunity from criticism by Andrew Young.

Iran: The Re-entry Problem

What's at the root of the recent riots in Iran? Ironically, the Shah's problem stems from the fantastic velocity of development over the past 25 years, inducing that fortress of traditionalism—Islam—to revolt. So obsessed is the world with rapid development that it has too little noted the problem of *uneven* development.

The problem is not confined to Iran. An Afghan king was forced into exile in 1929 for moving too fast, especially in abolishing the veil for women. The Saudis are carefully controlling development in their country to insulate its social structure against too rapid change. But in Iran the pace for two decades has been gravity-defying. While certain sectors of society have become economically progressive, scientifically advanced, and politically active, others—e.g., petty bazaar and rural elements, under the influence of the omnipresent religious community of mullahs and ayatollahs (with a special grudge against the Shah's distribution of religious lands to peasants)—are relatively untouched by modernization. They retain a partial cohesion behind the shell of Islam, which is not just a religion, but a law—a way of life with a resistance coefficient comparable to that which has preserved Jewish cohesion for 2,000 years after the Diaspora. Resistance to modernization from these latter sectors has flared dangerously, starting in the holy city of Qom in January.

What has the Shah tried to do? His sudden replacement of his cabinet a few weeks ago to cope with the heat of traditionalist resistance to breakneck development is like an astronaut slowing his metal-melting reentry speed by turning his rocket's streamlined nose cone away from Earth. The turning maneuver—if it works—will not (and is not intended to) *stop* development but only retard its acceleration slightly, deflecting resistance by leading with the blunt end. This is what the new cabinet of Premier Jaafar Sharif-Emami is—the blunt or quasi-traditional end of a rocket hurtling the whole Iranian nation into the twentieth century.

What could the new cabinet do? Present a slightly different re-entry angle: e.g., re-outlaw gambling casinos, return to the Islamic calendar, relax restraints on press and political groups. These things it did in rapid order, and there was hope of creeping quiescence after the tense month of Ramadan fasting. Instead, resurgent bloody violence last week forced the new government to impose martial law and censorship. This not only undermines earlier concessions and tarnishes the role of Premier Emami by propelling him into a quasi-military posture he detests, but opens the Shah to attack from the Left.

The modernized social sector has spawned a rootless fringe of students in Iran and abroad who ride the traditionalist upheaval like parasites, shouting Moslem slogans (although they drink, gamble, and wear jeans and short skirts) as a screen for their real demands which are, first, cessation of U.S. support to Iran, and then the overthrow of "the fascist Shah." Numerically insignificant, this radicalized fringe can become host to secondary Communist parasites, even as Premier Mossadegh's nationalist movement 25 years ago hosted and was then taken over by the Communist Party. It is this alliance of convenience between basic enemies that has led the Shah to speak of "Islamic Marxists," a contradiction in terms that tends to force the two elements into each other's arms.

Significantly, the USSR says nothing. The great bear is content to watch and wait until an opening is created to support a radical faction. The State Department expresses hope that order will be restored. President Carter telephones encouragement to the Shah. And well he might, for a breakdown in Iran could outflank whatever settlement might flow from the Camp David summit, and then some.

48 to 1

Well over three years have gone by since North Vietnamese tanks rumbled into Saigon bringing peace to South Vietnam. Whether a bloodbath has taken place—or is taking place—we don't know, the North Vietnamese having taken the precaution of denying entry to the kind of people who brought the world news of My Lai. What we do know is that today the number of people attempting to flee that country is at an all-time high.

A few weeks ago a thirty-foot-long Vietnamese fishing boat loaded with 74 refugees creaked off into the South China Sea. On the seventh day at sea, their number grew to 75 when a baby was born; a week later, still at sea, the baby died. By the time their boat was

The Three Little Pigs

The pig who built his house of straw
Was subsequently swallowed, raw.
The second piggy favored wood,
Who, like the former, got his, good.
If you think Jimmy's like the third,
I, and the wolf, think you're absurd.

W. H. VON DREELE

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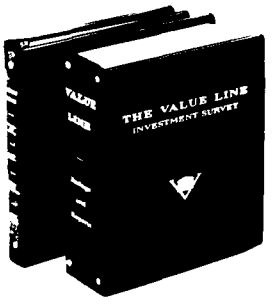

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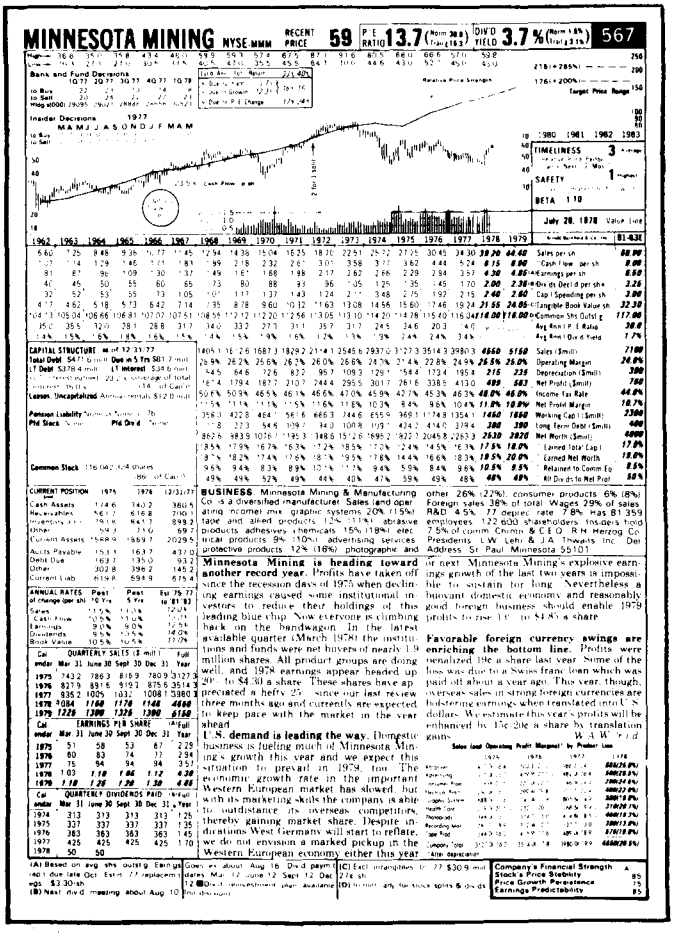
MINNESOTA MINING NYSE-MMM

RECENT PRICE 59 P/E RATIO 13.7 DIV'D YIELD 3.7% 567

TIMELINESS 3

SAFETY 1

BETA 1.10

BUSINESS: Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. is a diversified manufacturer. Sales (and operating income) are in graphic systems 20% (15%), industrial and allied products 12% (13%), abrasive products, adhesives, chemicals 15% (18%), electrical products 9% (10%), advertising services 6% (7%), protective products 12% (16%), photographic and other 26% (27%), consumer products 6% (8%). Foreign sales 38% of total. Wages 29% of sales. R&D 4.5%. 77 degree rate 7.8%. Has 81,359 employees. 122,600 shareholders. Insiders hold 7.5% of common. Chrmn. & C.E.O.: R.H. Herzog. Co. Presidents: J.W. Mehrens, Jr., D.J. Lucas. Inc.: Del. Address: St. Paul, Minnesota 55101.

Minnesota Mining is heading toward another record year. Profits have taken off since the recession days of 1975 when declining earnings caused some institutional investors to reduce their holdings of this leading blue chip. Now everyone is climbing back on the bandwagon. In the latest available quarter (March 1978) the institutions and funds were net buyers of nearly 1.9 million shares. All product groups are doing well, and 1978 earnings appear headed up 20% to $4.50 a share. These shares have appreciated a hefty 25% since our last review three months ago and currently are expected to keep pace with the market in the year ahead.

U.S. demand is leading the way. Domestic business is fueling much of Minnesota Mining's growth this year and we expect this situation to prevail in 1979, too. The recruitment growth rate in the important Western European market has slowed, but with its marketing skills the company is able to outdistance its overseas competitors, thereby gaining market share. Despite indications West Germany will start to reflate, we do not envision a marked pickup in the Western European economy either this year or next. Minnesota Mining's explosive earnings growth of the last two years is impossible to sustain for long. Nevertheless, a buoyant domestic economy and reasonably good foreign business should enable 1979 profits to rise 11% to $4.85 a share.

Favorable foreign currency swings are enriching the bottom line. Profits were penalized 19¢ a share last year. Some of the loss was due to a Swiss franc loan which was paid off about a year ago. This year, though, overseas sales in strong foreign currencies are bolstering earnings when translated into U.S. dollars. We estimate this year's profits will be enhanced by 15¢-20¢ a share by translation gains.

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rescued, 150 miles off the Philippine coast, twenty others had died—from exposure, malnutrition, and dysentery. The survivors reported that the ship that rescued them, the Liberian-registered *World Kingdom*, was the 49th they had signaled for help—and the only one, save for a Chinese ship that paused to toss down some supplies, that didn't ignore their cries. A few days more, said the British captain of the *World Kingdom*, and there would have been no survivors.

The 54 survivors are now recovering from their ordeal in Singapore. After ninety days they will be admitted to the United States, unless any other country steps forward to offer them a home, which is highly unlikely. Vietnamese refugees are as welcome on land as they are on sea.

Phase Six

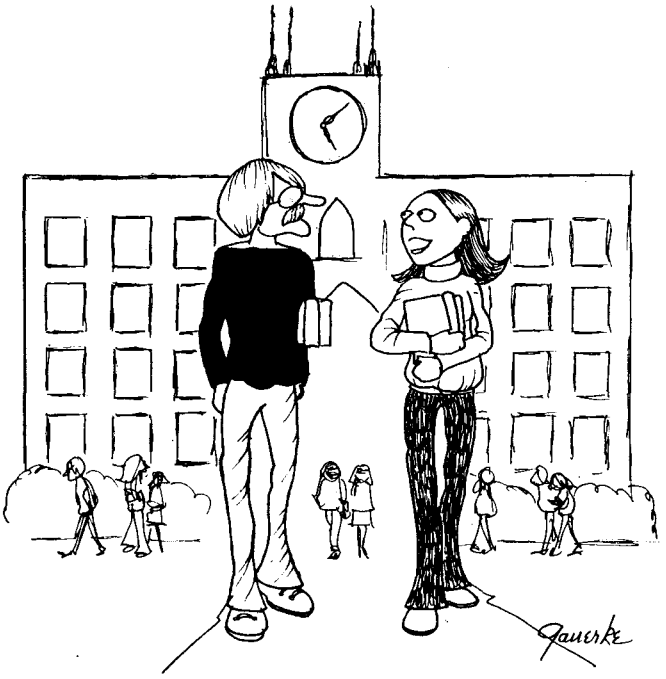
On the theory that people remember Nixon's wage-price controls but forget Johnson's guidelines, rumor has it that we are in for another trial by guidelines. Everyone moves back to "Go" and collects more money.

In 1962, when the last guidelines game began, two nasty recessions in the previous four years had wrung any thought of inflation out of the economy. Wage increases had been slowing down each year; prices of consumer durable goods (including cars) had actually been falling. The economy was full of idle men and machines. Inflation was too tiny to measure.

Contrary to faded memories, federal spending didn't begin to go berserk until 1966-67, when guidelines were already in an advanced stage of decay. But money growth accelerated steadily—from 2 per cent a year to almost 5 per cent. Inflation eventually rose proportionally, although guidelines held some union wages down (thus boosting profits). The necessarily selective enforcement of price guidelines did nothing except to create shortages of aluminum, sulphur, and copper.

If guidelines didn't work in the favorable setting of 1962-1966, what could they accomplish today? The prospective budget deficit for the coming year is more than twice as large as the combined deficits for the entire previous period. In place of the helpful 4 per cent annual increase in productivity from 1962 to 1966, there has been almost no productivity improvement in the past year. Money growth and inflation were on a 5 per cent trend two years ago—already much worse than the early Sixties—and both have lately been hovering around 8 per cent or more.

The distinction between voluntary and mandatory wage-price controls has become increasingly blurred. It apparently has something to do with the shape of the hammer they wave over your head. There is also the constant worry that when guidelines fail, as everyone knows they must, this failure will again serve as the excuse for openly dictating the values of people's labor and property.



"I'm in Liberal Arts. I'm taking Watergate I, Introductory McCarthyism, and Our Illegal War in Vietnam II."

The cure for inflation is simply to stop inflating. And the Administration's habit of packing the Federal Reserve with wild inflationists is not particularly comforting in that regard. Representative Parren Mitchell (D., Md.), head of the Black Caucus, has a better idea. He recommends announcing and sticking to a strategy of reducing the growth of the money supply by one percentage point each year, until it stays on a 3 per cent trend. That may be a bit gradual to cope with the severity of the situation, but it is miles ahead of the current plan to do nothing and call it a guidelines policy.

Bartleby Callaghan

Like Bartleby, the character in Melville's story, British Prime Minister James Callaghan has now said, "I prefer not to." Against all previous expectation, there will be no British general election during the first part of October.

That the Prime Minister should thus have drawn back is perhaps not surprising, but he may have made a fatal strategic error in so doing.

True enough, a few days before his announcement, polls showed his Labor Party trailing the Conservatives by a solid margin—a fact hardly meliorated by the subsequent plea of five cabinet ministers (leaked to the press) that the election be postponed.

Furthermore, the Labor Party has been the victim of attrition by headline in recent weeks, one damaging thing following another: 1) the revelation that the RAF is down to 74 operational fighter planes, way under strength; 2) the new demand by the miners for a huge £34 a week raise, making derisory Labor's claim to

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How to Learn About Most Job Openings in Your Field

If you are looking for a better job, there is now a single source which can tell you about most job openings as soon as they become available. It's called The National Reporter of New Job Openings, and it can assist people in all fields and locations.

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Let me explain just how we do it. Our professional staff is the largest of its type in the country. Every day they research the entire nation, reviewing thousands of new job openings that have just been released *(by companies, executive recruiters, employment agencies, educational institutions and other organizations).*

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_____

_____

_____

_____
Name (please print)

_____
Address

_____
City State Zip

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be able to deal with the big trade unions; 3) the startling appearance at the Trade Union Congress' annual Brighton meeting of a top KGB man as an honored guest (he masquerades as a Soviet trade union leader, there being no Soviet trade unions); and 4) the revelation that Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey has been trying to deep-six some unfavorable unemployment projections. Day after day, the sense of disintegration deepens.

And so the Prime Minister clings to office. But his decision not to hold an October election transfers the political initiative, and the choice of timing, to his Conservative challenger, Margaret Thatcher. Callaghan has postponed an election, but not for very long; he is vulnerable to an early vote of confidence in the House of Commons. And by avoiding an early election, he has looked both weak and defensive.

Our Own Philby

Interested in the theft and sale to the Soviet Union of one of the CIA's three copies of the manual for the "Big Bird"? That's our instrument for verification of Russian performance under the terms of SALT. Well, it happened —a 23-year-old clerk named William Kampiles did it after working only eight months last year at CIA. How could the manual have been missing for ten months before being, well, missed? Could a young clerk have pulled it off without higher-level help? . . . Is there a Kim Philby in the CIA? Does anybody care? How about Senators Church, Stevenson, and Bayh?

In any case, thanks to William Safire for highlighting the theft and its implications in his column. Let's hope it comes to the attention of Senator Moynihan, who recently remarked: "It is now the case that on balance we indict more intelligence officers than we do spies. . . . As a liberal, I tell you that the day will come when it will be looked back and asked, 'For what purposes did the men of this political generation make it impossible to resist Soviet espionage in this country, and why did they do it?' and God, we will have a lot to explain."

Winners & Losers

Lots of the primary results were to be expected. New York Governor Hugh Carey topped Mary Anne Krupsak, who had by primary day been abandoned even by NOW (National Organization for Women). But it wasn't much of a show in bottom-line political terms: Carey had media-genius David Garth on his team and outspent his two opponents, Krupsak and Jerry Bloom, 10 to 1. But only 20 per cent of the eligible Democrats turned out, and Carey, who had said he wanted well over 50 per cent of the vote, received just about that.

Carrier Admirals

Way back in 1921
When Billy Mitchell made his run
Against the dreadnought, *Ostfriesland*,
Each admiral sat on his hand.
It sank, you see, beneath the blue,
Which dreadnoughts weren't meant to do;
Moreover, there was rank disdain
For Mitchell and his dinky plane.
No, no, I don't propose at all
That missiles test the *Forrestal*,
But I don't want my hair to curl
The way it did that day at Pearl.

W. H. VON DREELE

In Connecticut, Governor Ella Grasso wiped the floor with her Lieutenant Governor, Robert Killian, and now faces something that hasn't been seen in many a year in Connecticut, a united and ably led Republican Party. Representative Ronald Sarasin, who is campaigning against a state income tax, is by no means a flaming conservative, but his ACA rating (47) is the highest of any member of Connecticut's congressional delegation.

Maryland Democrats turned their backs on Acting Governor Blair Lee III, upsetting pollsters and political commentators alike. Baltimore polls the weekend before the primary showed Lee with 34 per cent, Theodore Venetoulis 21 per cent, Harry Hughes 20 per cent. Hughes won handily and will face former Senator Glenn Beall Jr., a conservative.

In New Hampshire, there was yet another upset, a big one for Gordon Humphrey, a late-entry conservative who beat his three opponents. With nearly all precincts reporting, Humphrey had 38,000 votes, to 18,000 for Masiello, the organization candidate, 13,000 for Jacobson, and 3,000 for Cheminto. He will take on Democratic Senator Thomas McIntyre in what should be a neck and neck race. Both Phil Crane and Jack Kemp campaigned for Humphrey; more of the same is in order during the fall season.

In Minnesota, Hubert Humphrey's thirty-year-old Democratic-Farm-Labor Party (DFL) shows signs of coming unglued. The situation is complicated by the fact that there are two Democratic Senate seats up for grabs in Minnesota this year: Humphrey's, which Muriel Humphrey will occupy until next January, and Walter Mondale's, now held by Senator Wendell Anderson, who resigned as governor to go to Washington when Mondale became Vice President—and hasn't been forgiven by his constituents for doing so. Representative Douglas Fraser —like Humphrey, a New Deal Democrat and, like Humphrey, a former chairman of the ADA— jumped into the ring when Muriel Humphrey said she would not run

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again, and everyone said that that was that—except for DFL fund-raiser, businessman Robert Short. Short did something no DFL candidate has ever done. He made his pitch to conservative Democrats and Republicans alike (Minnesota permits crossover votes in its primaries). He hit hard at Fraser's big-spender record: "For 16 years Donald Fraser has been saying yes to every spending scheme. Now we need a senator who will say no for a change." That seemed to strike a chord. As we go to press, Short is a few hundred votes ahead of Fraser. In any event, there will be a recount.

David Broder, on the scene for possibly the most interesting of Tuesday's primary elections, reports that many leaders of the DFL fear that if Short does end up beating Fraser it could "send Fraser liberals home to sulk and doom both Wendell Anderson [who is admittedly in bad trouble] and Democratic Governor Rudy Perpich in November." Anderson's opponent will be Minnesota Republican National Committeeman Rudy Boschwitz, who showed he knew what he was doing last Tuesday. He beat Harold Stassen.

Other races of interest to conservatives included three in New York. Frederick Richmond, caught tragically with a 16-year-old gay prostitute, won renomination in the 10th CD; Allard Lowenstein lost out to Carter Burden in John Lindsay and Edward Koch's old Silk Stocking District, the 18th. The incumbent is Bill Green, who beat Bella Abzug earlier this year.

In Florida, it was a popular win for former Senator Edward Gurney over Frank Daley (2 to 1) for the congressional seat he first won 16 years ago. Gurney opted not to run again during the Watergate era when he was accused of misuse of political funds, a charge he beat in the courts but too late to salvage his Senate seat. And in Colorado, Representative William Armstrong, a solid conservative, came within an ace of being beaten by former astronaut Jack Swigert. But Armstrong won, and he will be running against Democratic Senator Floyd Haskell, whose recent polls have been about on a par with Jimmy Carter's.

Imperial Media

According to Thomas Hobbes, it is characteristic of human nature to pursue power, "power after power," an appetite, as Hobbes puts it, "that ceaseth only in death."

At one level, the life of politics consists of a struggle for power and privilege: New England merchants, slave-owning planters, Western farmers, industrialists, railroad men, Wall Street bankers, academics, WASPs, Catholics, Jews, blacks, women, etc., etc., a great ongoing struggle which, as Hobbes said, ceaseth only in death.

In the present era—and the idea is a thoroughly familiar one—we have seen the rise of a "new class" of academics, bureaucrats, and social engineers intent on completing the "unfinished agenda" of liberalism and also, perhaps more immediately, on carving out large slices of wealth and status for themselves. And as part of this phenomenon, we have seen the rise of a multi-billion-dollar imperial media, challenging other power centers, prescribing and proscribing ideas and attitudes, promulgating new "rights" for itself, and intent, like any robber baron or slave-driver, on expanding its power.

The widely publicized case of *New York Times* reporter M. A. Farber represents only the latest example of a long series of power initiatives by the media. Farber, as is well known, was jailed on a contempt charge for refusing to allow the judge in a murder trial to inspect his potentially relevant notes. The right to a fair trial is an old one, and explicit in the Constitution. The "right" to "protect sources" is mentioned nowhere in that document. Nevertheless, Farber has asserted such a right absolutely, and in contradiction to the explicit right to a fair trial.

In a series of "landmark" decisions, we have seen the freedom of the media dramatically expanded: in the cases, for example, of *Sullivan*, *Ellsberg*, *Branzburg*. But such expansion has taken place without any corresponding definition of media responsibility. The issues involved here are necessarily complex, but no free society can allow an unprecedented and absolutist grab for power to go unrecognized and unchecked.

Montréal, Non, Hélas

Soviet dissident Vladimir Bukovsky contributed the suggestion to the ongoing debate over the Moscow Olympics that they be moved from Moscow to Montreal, which, having been host to the Games in 1976, has the facilities to handle them. This would appear to provide a neat way out of a dilemma. Moscow would be deprived of the Games and the propaganda extravaganza it means to make of them, but the young athletes of the world would not have to forgo their trial and glory. Unhappily, it turns out that it is not even remotely in the cards, for reasons that have to do with Canada's internal politics.

The Olympic Games won't be held in Montreal because the government of Pierre Trudeau will not invite the Olympic Committee to move them to Montreal. When Montreal's bid for the '76 Olympics was accepted, the Canadian government promised the nation—particularly the English-speaking Canadians—that the Olympics would pay their way.

They didn't, not by $1 billion Canadian, and to pay off that debt the Prime Minister instituted a national lottery which is still going strong—and still competing with the provincial lotteries. With an election in the offing, Trudeau is not about to step into that buzz saw.

Since that time, a Quebec liberation party has been elected to office in that province and the antagonism be-

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tween English- and French-speaking Canadians is much heightened. With René Levesque's party in power the Quebec unions, already very strong, have also become radicalized, and it is feared that an international gathering of the dimensions of the Olympic Games would tend to give Marxist union leaders a monopolistic hold over their members that could aggravate labor unrest down the line in what is one of Canada's poorest and most volatile provinces.

And finally, it's a matter of dollars and rubles. Canada is a big trading partner of the Soviet Union and wants to keep it that way.

Scratch Montreal.

Irving the Interminable

Joining the posse against the New Right is Irving Howe, who takes nine pages of *The New Republic* to denounce everyone to the right of Michael Harrington (who, in the same issue, by the way, denounces everyone to the right of Irving Howe). It is safe to say that nobody who reads Mr. Howe's manifesto is likely to let himself get caught in a conversation with Mr. Howe. And the piece undeniably poses a tough polemical problem for the Right; how do you refute a filibuster?

Howe is a veteran social democrat, whose early ventures in the political essay are reputed to have been read —a fact that speaks well for the hardihood of our ancestors. Consider: "Of course there are limits to feasible taxation, though it is by no means clear that we have reached these limits in the United States, especially if, unlikely as it now seems, a truly progressive tax system were introduced." Read that sentence again. Aw, come on. You made it through the first time, didn't you?

Willi Schlamm, R I P

"The crucial figure in initiating the new conservative weekly, NATIONAL REVIEW, curiously enough, appears to have been a European émigré named William S. Schlamm. . . ." George Nash, in his book, *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America: Since 1945*, was correct. It was Willi Schlamm, born in Austria; a classmate of Rudolf Serkin; a Communist who apostatized at age 25 ("To say I was an ex-Communist is like saying I was an ex-child"), edited his own journal in Vienna, got himself kicked out by the Nazis, went to Prague, same thing, then arrived in New York penniless and speaking not a word of English. Within three years he was principal assistant to Henry Luce, and, through Luce, one of the most important influences in Time Inc., which was in those days about the only show in town.

They parted (that tended to happen to Willi, who was a loner); he joined *The Freeman*, which disbanded; retired to Vermont, but soon became restless, and conceived the idea of this journal, even to specifying that its young editor should own all the voting stock, in order to prevent the in-fighting which had collapsed *The Freeman*, and which eventually skewered Schlamm at *Time*. While there, be it noted, he was in the company of the staunch anti-Communists who early on saw what Stalin designed for Eastern Europe. At *Time*, he was the close ally of John Chamberlain and Whittaker Chambers, later co-editors with him of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Leaving New York in 1957 (after a painful disagreement with his colleagues) he returned to Germany and was an instant splash, writing books and columns, making speeches. Toward the end, he achieved what he always wanted most, his own journal. When on August 31 he died, in Salzburg, he left a flourishing monthly. In better days, it could have been written about him that he left also a West indebted to him for his untiring services to human freedom.

—WFB

Notes & Asides

■ United States Senate
Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Pindars Corners, New York
September 4, 1978

Dear Bill:

This is a letter that will do me more good than you.

I've had a week here, reading and fussing with a great mound of research reports on the guaranteed income experiments which we started in the late 1960s in the expectation that no government would propose one until the case was proven. (Well, of course, as you know, one did. Since then, another.) My sense in 1969, when I found to my amazement that Finch et al. would go along, was to do so (i.e., propose it) as an earnest that social progress was not an end, etc. I don't entirely think I was wrong about that.

But were we wrong about a guaranteed income! Seemingly it is calamitous. It increases family dissolution by some 70 per cent, decreases work, etc. Such is now the state of the science, and it seems to me we are honor bound to abide by it for the moment. True, as chairman of the Subcommittee on Public Assistance of the Committee on Finance, I propose to hold hearings after the election, confronting one and all with the evidence.

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And so you turn out to be right, in addition to which your recipe for apple soup works.

Your piece on the Pope was fine. Did we get the man you hoped for? I hope so. He likes Chesterton. Best,
Pat

Dear Patrick: Thank you for your graceful note, to which I shall give discreet attention. I am fascinated by your findings and will follow closely your disclosures, on which you are welcome to elaborate in *NR*, should you choose to do so. I wonder if Milton Friedman will also change his mind? On the other hand, his social arithmetic tends to be more atomistic than yours. Cordially,
Bill

■ Memo: To our readers

You will remark a change in tone in this week's Cato. The tradition of anonymity for Cato, as for Winston (in the *National Review Bulletin*, which if you don't subscribe to it, how can you sleep at night? $15, published on alternate weeks), is grounded on more than the desire to imitate *The New Republic*'s TRB. In the first place, everybody who matters in Washington knows who TRB is, which tends to happen when TRB is the same person for 35 years or so. *NR*, by contrast, has had a dozen Catos in our 23 years of publishing who retain their anonymity, useful for prowling the corridors of power. They are typically men in their twenties, thirties, or forties, who live in Washington, practicing journalism or politics, and—get around. Our last Cato, unhappily, took a job in Chicago, and, versatile though he is, he found it difficult to write an Inside Washington column from Lake Michigan . . . Accordingly, our new Cato enters, with a nice *mise-en-scène*, the portrait of three typical parasites. Oh, don't blame the parasites. As Irving Kristol once said, blame the welfare program if you choose, but don't blame those who take advantage of it. Cato, who is an old friend of *NR*, is welcome. Keep your eyes on him. WFB

■ Mr. Norris Hoyt
Department of English
St. George's School
Newport, R.I. 02840

Dear Norry:

This is a tough one—but here we go: In case you don't read Spanish, the covering note on yellow paper enclosed reads: "Dear friend, I take pleasure in saluting you warmly and although I don't know your name I am addressing you via this piece of paper to communicate to you that on the 8th of April I was fishing along with my brother and I found a bottle with this piece of paper which I herewith send you to the address written thereon. I cannot read English and it is in any event almost completely erased but I was nevertheless able to copy down your address. I hope it means something to you and that you will acknowledge having received it. If you cannot write me in Spanish write me in English and I will find someone here to translate it. My full address is Sandra Elizabeth Nunez, Sabana Bight Guanaja, Islas de la Bahia, Honduras, Central America. Your friend, Betty." Now, the enclosed, which I also attach, is not legible, but there is an unmistakable "Dear Bill" followed by, I think, what says "This is Norris Hoyt's daughter Katy writing . . . to the Virginisano . . . Any candidates for recycling that . . . we are" something something something. What I want to know, Norry, is do you have a daughter Katy, and is she carrying on a flirtation with me off the waters of Central America? I hope so, in which case please give her my love.

With warm regards,
Bill

Dear Bill:

While we were circumnavigating the Atlantic in 1976-77, we (on the return trip from Gibraltar via Canaries to Antigua) read *Airborne* with great envy. I've never been able to get more than a thin article out of a crossing, dealing, as I seem to, more in conclusions than process.

So, thinking of you, we wrote a "Bottle for Buckley" everytime we scoffed off a bit of wine or rum, and duly sealing the message in the bottle, threw it overboard, with the Lat and Long. Once we got into the Islands, our daughter Katy joined us, and was intrigued by the tale of the Bottles for Buckley. So she initiated her own campaign. The message, as she remembers it, reads:

> Dear Bill:
> This is Norris D. Hoyt's daughter, Katy, writing you from the Virgin Islands. Do *you* have any glass candidates for recycling? We are dry and well, thanks (ref: *New Yorker*).

I assume that the mid-Atlantic bottles will, in due time, arrive to remind you of our recurring fits of whimsy and our pleasure in your WORD. Best,
Norry

P.S. You guessed it! Love, Katy

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It appears that the Canadian Cooperative Study Group has discovered experimentally that four aspirin daily can cut a man's expected rate of stroke and death by 48 per cent. It also appears, however, that women cannot derive this benefit from aspirin, much to the confusion of the research group.

Please tell me this: It is true that the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment would eradicate this inequality? Eric R. Lorey
Ann Arbor, Mich.

—WFB

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Last Act in Rhodesia

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

On August 31, during the course of the funeral ceremonies for Jomo Kenyatta in Nairobi, the British Foreign Secretary, David Owen, and Andrew Young, present as U.S. representative, learned that on August 14 Rhodesia's Ian Smith had met secretly in Lusaka, capital of Zambia, with Joshua Nkomo, co-leader of the Patriotic Front and commander of the wing of its guerrilla army operating from Zambian bases, and had talked also with President Kaunda of Zambia; Brigadier Joseph Garba, the Nigerian Foreign Minister; and Robert Mugabe, the other Patriotic Front leader, whose forces operate from Mozambique.

The International Leak Agency (ILA) spread the news. On first questioning by reporters, Nkomo implicitly confirmed that the meeting had taken place, but did not disclose the substance of the discussion. He concluded cryptically: "I expect to be in Salisbury in not more than a month's time."

In Salisbury, at first blush, the Rhodesian Information Office denied that Smith had even been in Zambia. The Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, one of the three black members of the Executive Council established by the March 3 "internal agreement," declared that Smith had "betrayed" the agreement.

The next day, Nkomo elaborated his account. Smith and he had, indeed, met secretly, he said. Smith had admitted to him that the internal agreement was a failure. Only the Patriotic Front could assure a stable regime in Rhodesia. Smith proposed to him that he should return at once to Salisbury and become permanent chairman of the Executive Council. As Nkomo presented the proposed deal, the three original black members of the Executive Council—Bishop Muzorewa and Chief Jeremiah Chirau, along with Sithole—would be left by the wayside.

Nkomo stated that his essential conditions for going to Salisbury were the dissolution of the present (internal settlement) government and the assumption of total power by the Patriotic Front. He said Ian Smith had agreed to these conditions; "the other people," he commented, "are not important."

As Nkomo explained the proposal, Smith's offer was, apparently, to him alone, but he would not return to Salisbury without his partner, Robert Mugabe. On that point, however, he did not say "positively."

Secrecy and Lies

At this stage, a spokesman for Smith admitted that the secret meeting had taken place. The Smith spokesman "denied emphatically that any suggestion had been made to dismantle the existing administration and to hand over power to the Patriotic Front. Had such suggestions been made, he [Smith] would have rejected them out of hand." The Reverend Sithole again accused Smith of betraying the internal settlement. A spokesman for Bishop Muzorewa said, in somewhat reflexive syntax, that if Smith had in fact made the alleged offer, "we must consider Smith as the traitor he is." Chief Chirau was not reported as talking in public.

What may we conclude from all this rigmarole?

It is one of the advantages (or of the disadvantages, depending on where you sit) of secret negotiations that, when they fail to reach agreement, each party to them can give his own version of what happened and claim that all other versions are lies. Usually both are right about the lying, at any rate. We cannot be sure exactly what Ian Smith proposed to Nkomo, but it is clear that he did meet with Nkomo secretly, and did propose *something*. Nkomo's version of Smith's proposal may be distorted or false. However, his remarks that I have summarized above constitute Nkomo's counter-proposal; the secret negotiations went public through those remarks.

Smith's journey to Lusaka is an instance of a move frequently made near the end of a war. The leader of the losing side secretly proposes terms on which he is ready to surrender. In this case, the leader of the other side, like Roosevelt and Churchill near the end of World War II, rejects the offer and declares that the surrender must be unconditional.

It should be remarked that, however bleak the outlook for the success of the internal agreement prior to Smith's journey, the journey itself sealed the failure, as the reactions of Muzorewa and Sithole make apparent. They feel betrayed by Smith's secrecy, even apart from what he may have said to Nkomo. Their betrayal had been signaled to their followers, and perhaps also to them, last spring, only two months after the internal agreement was signed, when Smith forced the black co-Minister of Justice, Byron Hove, out of office for having advocated faster integration of the police and army.

Last Chance?

The chance for a non-racist government in sub-Saharan Africa has been lost. Is it inevitable, then, that there must be a denouement in full-scale civil war, and an exodus of the whites *à la* Angola/Mozambique, in Rhodesia-become-Zimbabwe? Can anything be saved from the wreckage?

There is a small chance, but a chance, that the worst can still be avoided. Smith's attempted rapprochement with Nkomo did not pop out of a vacuum. Nkomo, who is a dynamic politician and reputed a pragmatist rather than an ideologue, has always been Britain's black-haired boy, above all if he could be cut loose from the radical Marxist, Robert Mugabe. (Hence Smith's offer presented to Nkomo alone, not to the Patriotic Front pair.) Many Rhodesian blacks—who include a larger number of educated persons than did most other African nations at the time of breakaway—realize they need the whites to help make Zimbabwe function.

Whether Anglo-American support for the internal agreement could have rescued it, we shall never know. But Anglo-American rejection of the internal agreement guaranteed its failure. Surely that imposes an obligation, now that the objective of the negative intervention has been attained, to intervene positively, with enough firmness, money, and power to block, at least, the worst.

And a final consideration: If Rhodesia goes, can South Africa be far behind? □

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RICHARD BROOKHISER

So, Mr. Smith, you've just come to Washington. What do you do next? What can you do next? After fifty interviews and six months of investigating, the author concludes: Not much

Why You Can't Beat City Hall At Washington, D.C.

I. Checks and Imbalances

IN A TELEVISION SPEECH seven months into his first term, Richard Nixon noted "a crisis of confidence in the capacity of government to do its job." The phrase was an odd one; for though The Mess in Washington is one of the time-honored bogeymen of American politics, it is traditionally defined in personal or ideological terms—America suffers because it has fallen into the hands of rogues or fools, while happy days can be restored by electing non-rogues or non-fools, as the case may be. "You will either die of the pox," the Earl of Sandwich told John Wilkes, "or on the gallows." "That depends," replied Wilkes, "on whether I embrace your mistress or your principles"—a neat survey of the normal range of democratic polemics. To suggest, as Nixon did, that the cause of crisis was neither depravity nor bad politics, but "government," was—odd.

Odder still was the fact that no one disagreed. If anything, Nixon's observation came late in the day. "The old categories and ways of looking at problems are no longer valid . . . the structure of government itself is the threshold barrier to new approaches and policies" (Richard Goodwin, January 1969). "The new radicals . . . [have] abandoned the old liberal ethos of centralization, the thought of Washington as the source of all national good" (Adam Walinsky, Kennedy aide, to Theodore White, spring of 1968). "Too many of the decisions that would better have been made in Seattle or St. Louis have wound up on the President's desk" (Nixon again, September 1968). "And we don't need guidelines to tell us, and we don't need half a billion dollars being spent on bureaucrats in Washington of your hard-earned tax money to check every school system, every hospital, every seniority list of a labor union" (George Wallace, September 1968). From pointyheads to peckerwoods, there was consensus that the Federal Government was malfunctioning—and that it was malfunctioning largely because it was misshapen.

If, ten years later, consensus and problem are still with us, it is not for lack of effort. For two terms, the Nixon and Ford Administrations tapped at the government as a diamond cutter taps at a stone, and their record, smashed thumbs and all, is instructive for several reasons. Few problems, in the first place, are so widely misunderstood. Scholars send out round robins in the form of books, quoting from and read mostly by each other; while the normal American seems to believe simultaneously 1) that government, like a bassoon, is a neutral instrument which can be made to play certain tunes depending on who sits behind the mouthpiece; and 2) that there is something, called "the bureaucracy"—malevolent and multi-powered—which somehow gums up the works. How "government" and "bureaucracy" might be related (if they exist) remains a mystery to him—a fact demonstrated whenever one of his number reaches a position (say, the White House) in which he might be able to do something about it. An account of the education even of such old hands as Nixon and Ford (who started their Presidencies with nine years in the Executive Branch and 33 on the Hill between them) can educate us.

THE NIXON-FORD record is particularly interesting to conservatives. Neither man was the Compleat Right-Winger; yet Nixon was the first regular Republican to sit in the White House since Coolidge, while Ford was perhaps the first conservative since that same gentleman. Some of their strategies are ones a conservative would want to adopt; some of their errors are ones he would be tempted to adopt as well.

Finally, and incidentally, the Nixon-Ford record can serve as a standard for measuring the accomplishments of their successors. Carter won partly by giving the impression that he could come to The Mess with an outsider's perspective; while Jerry Brown has parlayed a vague anti-statism into the status of Democratic heir apparent. Yet government, as we shall see, is tough, or at least clever; and it will take more than folksily dropping r's or acting spaced-out to get it into shape.

To begin then: what precisely were Nixon, Goodwin, Wallace, etc. talking about? What do people—not just politicians on the make, or writers rounding out periods—mean

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when they speak of malfunctions of the Federal Government?

Chief among the symptoms—leaving aside (for now) the causes—is the volume of business Washington transacts. Paradoxically, this has become so great that it is almost unnoticeable. Palates dull, the eyes glaze over, and newspapers can only run so many fillers about the dollars of the budget laid end to end stretching to Saturn. Consequently the facts slumber, known of, yet not known, until some newcomer's astonishment or an historical comparison brings them to life. Coolidge, according to the White House usher, discharged his duties on 11 hours of sleep a night; Ford, according to John Hersey, allowed himself five. In 1933, the White House staff numbered 37; today, it hovers near half a thousand. Congress has taken on more help too: in 1947, congressmen and congressional committees employed 2,433 staffers; by 1975, their number had quadrupled. Nor are they idle—since 1933, according to an estimate by the New York Bar Association, the congressional workload has doubled every five years. In an 11-hour day, a congressional committee reported in 1977, the average Representative has 11 minutes free to think; while for more than a third of that day, he is scheduled to be in at least two places at once.

THE EFFECT of all this activity is to geld the nation's nominal administrators and policymakers—congressmen, Presidents, and presidential appointees. Power begins with knowledge: you can't oversee what you don't know, or prescribe for what you haven't the time to understand. With the best will in the world, it is difficult for elected officials to get, or for their cohorts of underlings to give, an undistorted view of what is going on; and with the worst . . . "You can keep someone busy here ten hours a day with relatively unimportant stuff," as one Republican holdover at the Labor Department told me. The goal of every reorganization scheme, every hot new management method, is to redeem the sin of volume—to try to ensure that what is important will float to the top, and through appropriate channels.

The stream of activity irrigates other problems as well, of which the most luxuriant are the "iron triangle" and the as yet un-nicknamed problem of personnel. Neither is as notorious as it might be. Personnel problems are commonly thought to be restricted to the civil service, while the "iron triangle" is practically unknown outside the circle of a few thousand enemies and collaborators.

The iron triangle is that set of congressmen, federal employees, and lobbyists who design, administer, and benefit from the laws relating to a certain subject. In pursuit of its interests, a triangle will frustrate Administration policy, blinker Congress, and manipulate the media whenever possible. John Gardner, who discovered triangles while serving as Johnson's Secretary of HEW, usually gets credit for the first sighting. "As everyone in this room knows," he told Congress,

> questions of public policy nominally lodged with the Secretary are often decided far beyond the Secretary's reach by a trinity consisting of 1) representatives of an outside lobby, 2) middle-level bureaucrats, and 3) selected members of Congress, particularly those concerned with appropriations. In a given field, these people may have collaborated for years. They have a durable alliance that cranks out legislation and appropriations on behalf of their special interest. Participants in such durable alliances do not want the departmental secretaries strengthened. The outside special interests are particularly resistant to such change. It took them years to dig their particular tunnel into the public vault, and they don't want the vault moved.

As befits a future chairman of Common Cause, Gardner concentrated on the pressures of "special interests"; yet the impetus from within government to maintain and strengthen one's triangle is equally strong. For members of Congress, a piece of the action in a well-run triangle means prestige; it makes all the difference between appearing in the *Washington Post* as "Representative Stumpf (D., Ala.)" and appearing as "Representative Stumpf, member of the powerful X committee." Triangles also make brownie points with constituents—it is no accident, to take a recent example, that John Murphy, chairman of the powerful House Merchant Marine subcommittee, represents Manhattan's Lower West Side (that is, the wharves); or, for that matter, that Pete McCloskey, chief in-committee foe of such Murphy boondoggles as the Cargo Preference bill, represents high and dry Santa Clara. Partly for these reasons, the number of permanent subcommittees in the House and Senate has swollen, since the legislative reform act of 1946, to over 260. The struggle for jurisdiction among them, as freshman Senator James Buckley discovered, is intense: "[Whenever] a new area having political sex appeal is discovered, a form of imperialism can be observed as various committees try to stake their claims" (James L. Buckley, *If Men Were Angels*).

Federal employees, meanwhile, defend their triangles as sources of future employment: military men sometimes go directly from the Pentagon to consulting positions with contractors, which fact, in the opinion of cynics, helps explain their tolerance for waste and overruns. But, even more than in Congress, the motive for triangle building in the Executive Branch is status. Men naturally want to feel that what they are doing is important; and aside from what the triangle can give him, a federal employee has few ways of persuading others to share that conviction about himself. Promotion (at least in the civil service) is close to automatic; while efficiency, as the private sector understands it, counts for almost nothing—why bust a gut to trim a few dollars, when your goal is not profit, but "improving and developing the Nation's communities" or "serving people, from new-born infants to our most elderly citizens" (descriptions, from the *Government Manual*, of the purposes of HUD and HEW)?

Since the federal fiscal year ends at midnight, June 30, there occurs what insiders refer to as June buying

Lacking other yardsticks, the federal employee must fall back on growth. "Budgets are like sales curves," one veteran of OEO (the Office of Economic Opportunity) confided to me: "a sharp increase indicates a hot program"; and to sustain and defend these increases, a variety of techniques is available. Demanding a larger budget requires, as a matter of plausibility, that the old budget first be exhausted; and since the federal fiscal year ends at midnight, June 30, there

(Continues on page 1205)

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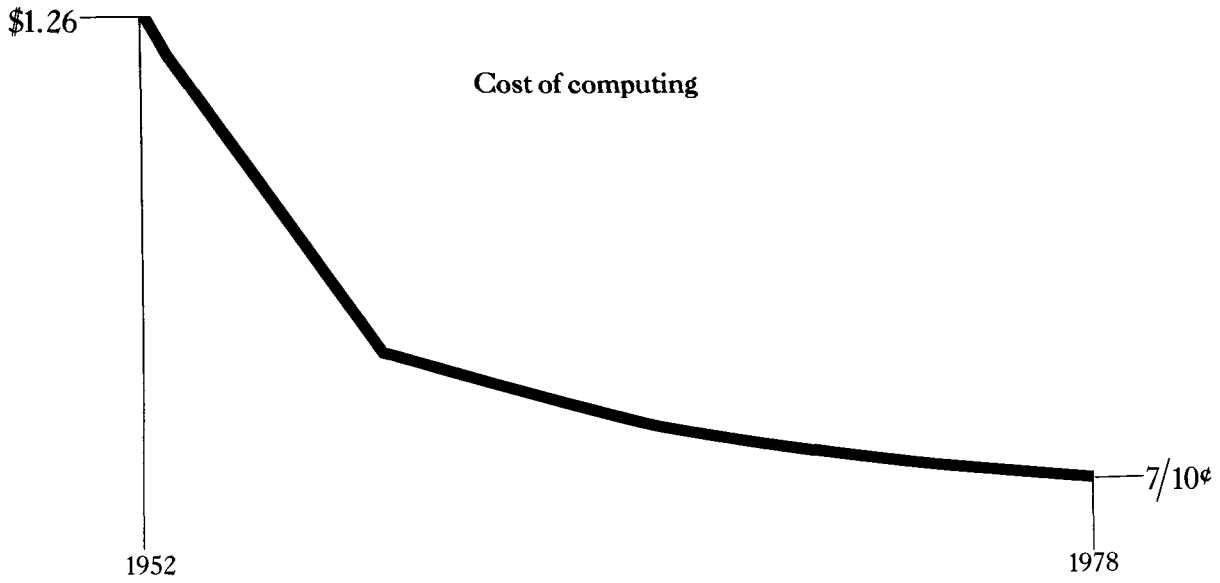
IBM Reports

Prices keep going up. Information costs keep going down.



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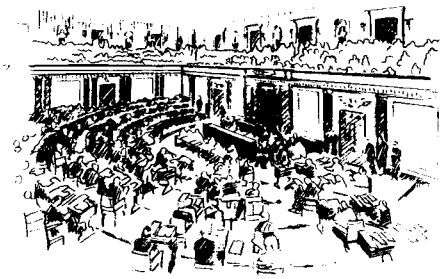

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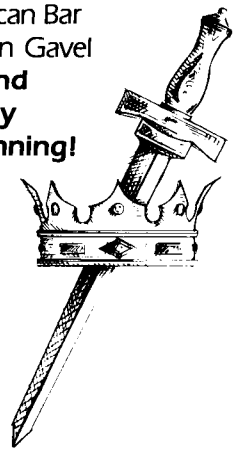

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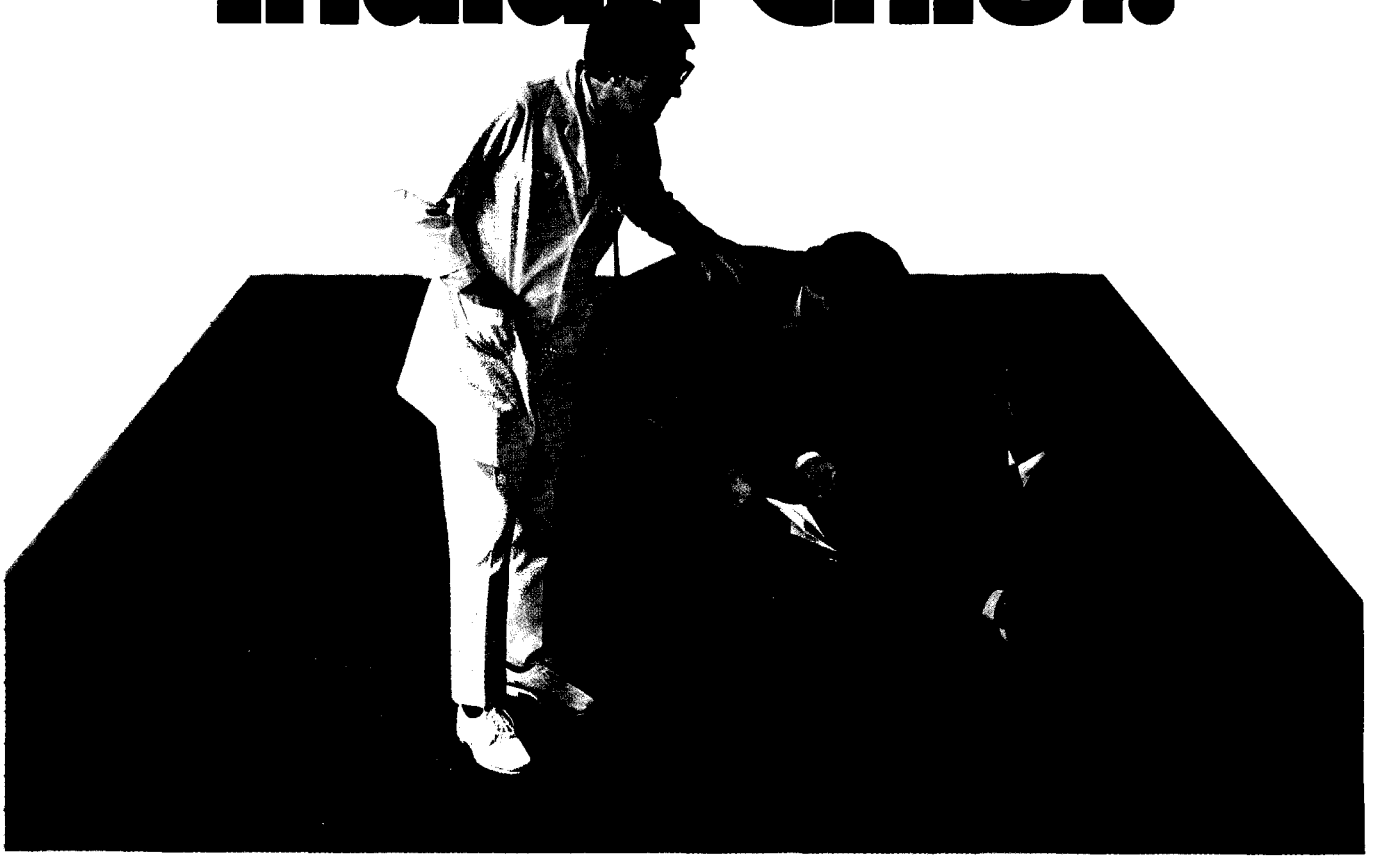

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occurs what insiders refer to as June buying—an annual rounding up and herding in the direction of the Treasury of ideas and projects which had theretofore lain comatose. In case of direct assault by budget-cutting higher-ups, there is the Washington Monument gambit—so called in honor of the (apocryphal) Director of the National Park Service who, when told by the Secretary of the Interior to make savings of X per cent, came back with a plan to close it. Or, if offering to kill the Washington Monument seems too brazen, sacrificing trivia may do just as well. Arthur Schlesinger, in *A Thousand Days*, quotes Douglas Dillon on a meeting of wary Eisenhower Cabinet members: "We sat around looking at the plans for Dulles Airport. They had a model and everything, and we would say why don't you put a door there, and they would explain why they didn't." But the best defense of a federal employee's domain remains his triangle—the lobbyists who justify it with their demands and the lawmakers who sustain it with their votes; and he who cultivates them shall not perish from the earth.

How does a triangle work?

If the White House approves of its objectives, or is indifferent, its services scarcely need to be invoked. It is when the White House shows signs of independence that the machinating begins. The Constitution directs the President to recommend to Congress "such Measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." Since Franklin Roosevelt, the recommendations of the Executive Branch have increasingly been coordinated in the Bureau of the Budget (renamed the Office of Management and Budget in 1970). If an agency doesn't like what comes out, it may simply go to the Hill with a different story; or, if open defiance is not politic, it will pass its recommendations along in secret. Thus, Secretaries testifying before Congress often find themselves dodging questions smuggled in by their own underlings. Some agencies are more adept at this than others—the bureaus in Interior are reputed to check their shopping lists with Congress a full two weeks before sending them to their Secretary. When plans become bills, the lobbying continues; the most unscrupulous federal employees will even work against bills the President supports, or in favor of bills he intends to veto (as the antitrust division of Justice worked for the Hart-Scott Antitrust Improvements bill of 1976).

There is nothing wrong, of course, with Congress' getting information or hearing all sides of a question. Under the triangle system, however, it is not Congress which is enlightened, but a particular fragment of it; and the information is used, not as a basis for making a judgment, but as ammunition in a feud. The other members, overwhelmed with duties (and triangles) of their own, rubber-stamp the verdicts of interested parties. "With the exception of headline-catching legislation," wrote Senator Buckley, "there is an institutional tendency to assume that the relevant committee has done its job. . . . This assumption continues to prevail . . . because the only other alternative is for a senator to try to arrive at an independent analysis and judgment that time and available facilities simply will not allow."

The crown of any good triangular campaign is the press leak. It may be as small as a paragraph in some special interest journal, or as large as a page-one splash in the *Post*. The press is naturally avid for such tidbits, and any assessment of its hostility to the White House during the Nixon-Ford years should take this into account. There is an ideological bias in the national media against conservatives: but there is also a professional bias against whoever happens to be in the White House, because inside dirt makes better reading than press releases. There may even be an additional professional bias against conservative White Houses, since the inside stories they are apt to generate are easier to write up than those from liberal Administrations: the traumas of chopping a program ("HUNCHBACKS TO GO HUNGRY") always make better copy than the forebodings against setting one up ("Officials in the Treasury Department are reportedly concerned that the proposed Hunchback Education and Lunch Program [HELP] will create distortions in the economy . . ."). In any case, the leaker is sure of eager ears.

Once again, there is nothing wrong with the dissemination of knowledge—except that the point of the leak is to release incomplete or distorted information, in hopes of nipping the anti-triangular scheme in the bud. In December of 1970, the papers warned that the Office of Management and Budget was planning to slash anti-poverty budget requests by 23 per cent, and to cut VISTA entirely. Senator Mondale was "shocked"; representatives of 19 organizations, including the League of Women Voters, the National Urban Coalition, and the ADA, telegraphed Nixon to say that they were "shaken." All hands could have saved their alarm; for the figures had been extracted from nothing more substantial than a working document, and had been released by disgruntled OEO employees who wanted to rally the troops.

Of one million people eligible for merit raises in 1976, only six hundred didn't get them

By now, the question may have occurred: Why don't heads roll? The answer leads to that second great node of difficulties, federal personnel.

Americans have little confidence in the civil service; a Gallup poll found that over 60 per cent believed federal employees worked less and earned more than they would in non-government jobs. This is something of a misconception. Most former government managers I talked to insisted that the average civil servant is no more stupid, lazy, or disloyal than his counterpart in business. A few even rated him higher. "Fewer civil servants per hundred respond poorly to leadership than people in the private sector," said former Federal Energy Administration Chief Frank Zarb. When civil servants do respond poorly, however, there is almost no way to discipline them. In business, slackers get fired, or the business goes under. But government commands certain floatation devices (the Army, the IRS) unavailable to business; and its slackers are enwombed by 21 volumes of civil service regulations.

Zarb himself tried, in 1976, to demote his head press secretary, Robert Nipp, for, among other things, passing an allegedly fabricated document to a congressional subcommit-

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tee (see "press leak," above). Nipp appealed; the Civil Service Commission upheld Zarb's charges, but reversed his decision on the grounds that notice of the effective date of Nipp's demotion had come 12 hours too late for civil service deadlines.

The Nipp case was extravagant, but not unique. Firing, demoting, even denying a merit increase, can all be subject to lengthy and frustrating appeals. The average processing time for appeals in FY 1976 was 110 days, and the number of adverse actions overturned was one in three. Few government managers, as a result, make the effort. Of one million people eligible for merit raises in 1976, only six hundred didn't get them; while less than 1 per cent of the federal work force was discharged.

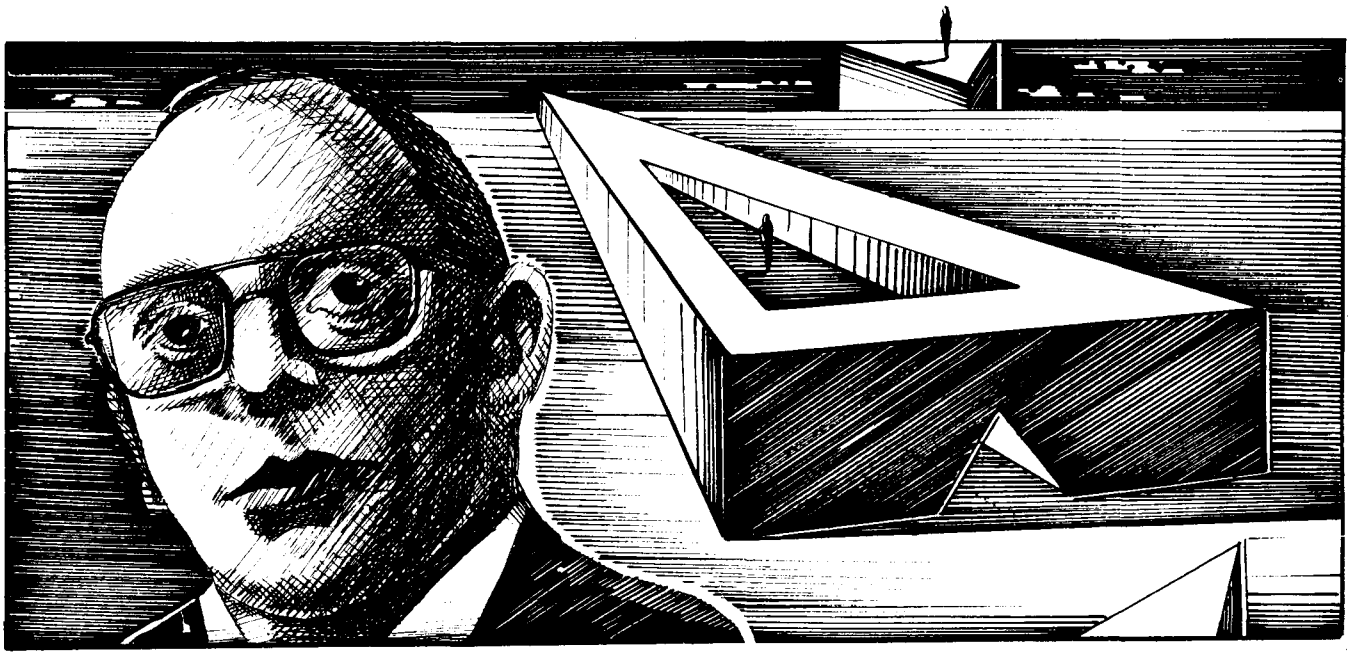
Acquiring a good civil servant for your agency can be as byzantine a process as firing a bad one. When a job opens up, a description goes to the Civil Service Commission, which then sends back a list of eligible names. If you already had a candidate in mind, and he happens not to be on the list, then you are out of luck. It used to be possible to discuss future openings with prospects, but now, as one director of a department secretariat complained, "if you even talk to people beforehand, that's pre-selection." The intent of such precautions is to prevent managers from surrounding themselves with cronies; but the effect is often to produce lists of totally unqualified candidates. One Nixon veteran, who was in the Department of Transportation, recalled getting such a list for an upper-level economist's job. When she called the Civil Service Commission, they confessed to not really knowing what they were doing; could she send them some explanatory memos? Four months later, she got a letter from the Recruiting and Examining Office, commending her for her help. In the meantime, the economist she wanted had gone elsewhere.

Occasionally, the rules can be suspended (such occasions being about as frequent as comets, and viewed by the Civil Service Commission with equal alarm). When the Cost of Living Council (CLC) was thrown together in 1971, the Washington headquarters was staffed with "emergency indefinites"—lawyers and economists borrowed from other departments, or recruited from outside government. Outsiders could be sacked on thirty days' notice, while veterans rose and fell through the ranks without benefit of civil service. The turnover during the early months of Phase II accordingly went as high as 40 per cent—"a departure," the official post-mortem drily noted, "from the normal civil service dynamics." Recruitment was also "prosecuted with intensity. . . . Significantly, professional personnel people did not have a leadership role" (*Historical Working Papers on the Economic Stabilization Program*).

Indeed, so successful was the CLC—no bogs of cronyism, no cesspools of politics—that when the next chance to use emergency indefinites presented itself (the formation of the Federal Energy Administration in 1975) the Civil Service Commission leapt to scotch it. CSC personnel kept tabs on the Washington office and took nightly reports from each of the ten regional offices, ready to cry, "Politics!" on the slightest pretext; and the FEA, with other things on its mind, agreed to play by civil service rules.

In many cases, then, the rules are simply sidestepped. Incompetents get shipped to other departments, with glowing recommendations as bait; or they gravitate within the department to some special division—"turkey farm"—out of harm's way. When all else fails, there is the "broom closet," described with Amis-like verve by 24-year-veteran civil servant Bob Lane.

> The idea is simple: Put a guy in a small, dark area with nothing to do, the aim being to drive him out of the organization with no fuss or muss.
>
> Make your move with surgical speed and precision, leaving out the anaesthetic. In one day, issue a written announcement that the victim will be moving to another part of the building . . . and announce the name of his successor. Assign him a small office that belongs to someone on vacation or sick leave, thus depriving him of the sense of permanence necessary to hang things on the wall. . . . If the victim has a car assigned to him or a parking sticker, give them to his successor with the logical explanation that such perquisites belong to the office, not the man. Make no arrangements for someone to transport the files and paraphernalia to the new



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office, subjecting him to the ignominy of skulking through the halls with big boxes under his arm.

His new "boss" will spend five minutes with him on his first day and assign him a "project." This should be some amorphous, seemingly worthwhile task which has lain around for three years because no one thought it was important enough to complete. An example might be compiling all the policy issuances of the new office, arranged by year and subject matter. After this first meeting, the new "boss" should always be too busy to be briefed on the progress of the project. The victim should *not* be invited to staff meetings, for this would give him a feeling of participation which would unnecessarily delay the treatment. For the same reason, do not allow him to travel. . . .

After about three weeks, the excruciating ennui sets in. He will be forcefully struck by the discourtesy of former associates. His phone calls are returned four or five days later, if at all. No one wants to go to lunch with him, for he has neither information nor influence to offer as a quid pro quo. In the men's room he will notice an abrupt cessation of office banter until he leaves. The ultimate scatological put-down comes as he overhears people engaged in derogatory conversation about him as he sits unobserved on the stool: "Isn't it a pity about old Jim? He was grade 17 only a year ago. You know he's only 42."

The real case against the civil service, it must be emphasized, is not an anthology of horror stories. Work gets done, but at the cost of carrying incompetents on the payroll, of lowering the morale of the energetic, and of creating, at the middle level, a sump for those whom it is inappropriate to promote and impossible to fire. Except in the most flagrant cases, the preferred response is to shrug and slog on. "If you blew sleep over that kind of thing, you wouldn't get anything done," maintains former Ford assistant Dick Cheney. "You've just got to tuck your head."

Quietism is fostered by the fact that the non-career managers—the Secretaries, Assistant Secretaries, and Deputy Assistants, handpicked by the President, or by his appointees—often lack the time or the competence to take charge of their supposed domains. This is the hidden personnel problem, and by far the most serious—for bad civil servants commonly affect no more than a few programs; while bad appointees blight whole agencies.

Part of the problem is time. The average lifespan of the political appointee is 22 months, and when the tide of activity runs at flood, this is not long enough to learn anything more than routine. "Except in unusual cases," wrote Nixon's Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, "a shorter tenure does not give the [appointee] enough time to know the intricacies of his programs and to make beneficial changes"; or as James Clark, former Assistant Secretary for Management at Interior, puts it, "Hell, you don't do a thing; you find your way to the john."

Even assuming they have the time, appointees may not have the skill. Some of the most attractive prospects never come into government in the first place, since salaries for the highest appointments are not competitive. "The kind of people you want to sit in on the SEC are making $200,000 a year," says David Wimer, former special assistant to the President for personnel. Anyway, if the consultant, the lawyer, or the businessman does come to Washington, there is no guarantee that he will do a good job. Businessmen particularly, accustomed to the guidance of profit statements and bottom lines, feel at a loss; academic politicking seems to be a much better preparation, as witness the success of Professors Moynihan and Kissinger. All these deficiencies lead to that hierarchical inversion known as "capturing," wherein administrators, through ignorance or bewilderment, embrace and pass up to their superiors the policies and philosophy of their underlings.

A final class of personnel problems afflicts only Republicans. It is a standard feature of Republican polemics that the career civil service is infested with Democrats; two political scientists, Joel Aberbach of the University of Michigan and Bert Rockman of the University of Pittsburgh, in a 1970 poll of career "super-grades," found this to be the case. "Our findings document a career bureaucracy with very little Republican representation. . . . A Republican Administration bent upon controlling the activities of [its] agencies faces not only the natural tendency of administrators to see things in terms of agency perspectives [i.e., triangles] but also the additional barrier of disproportionately low Republican representation. . . ."

The same pattern holds good for all levels of the civil service, if the voting figures for Washington, D.C. are any indication. Almost half the *total* population of the District of Columbia works for the federal civil government, and in every presidential election since 1964, they have voted overwhelmingly for the Democratic candidate, irrespective of national trends—Ford, in fact, polled a thousand votes less than Goldwater. Democratic margins in the Delegate-at-Large elections have been more erratic, ranging from a brinky 2 to 1, in 1972, to a more comfortable 7 to 1, in 1974.

Conservative solutions could not be expected to come naturally to Nixon; they would arise, if at all, empirically, or pragmatically

Again, this might not be so serious with devoted appointees at the helm; but Republican recruiters find it increasingly difficult to lure their best people away from the private sector. During his time in Ford's personnel office, Howard Cohen, now with the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, discovered a "hardening of the intellectual arteries . . . in those areas which used to belch out Republicans." As law firms and corporations become larger and more rigid, the difficulties of lateral exit and re-entry increase; one of Cohen's prospects for counsel with the Civil Aeronautics Board was advised by his firm not to leave. "The reservoirs that have these kinds of fish won't let them swim in another stream for awhile."

Cincinnatus has given way to John Galt; and indeed, stripped of logic, shrillness, and caped sex, Ayn Rand's fictions accurately reflect the attitudes of top Republican talent. Returning to Wall Street after a stint in the Ford White House, James Connor read *Atlas Shrugged* and discovered that "it help[ed] me understand a lot of the people I work with. . . . If Miss Rand's heroes and heroines were so wrapped in their vision that they ignored what was happen-

(Continues on page 1210)

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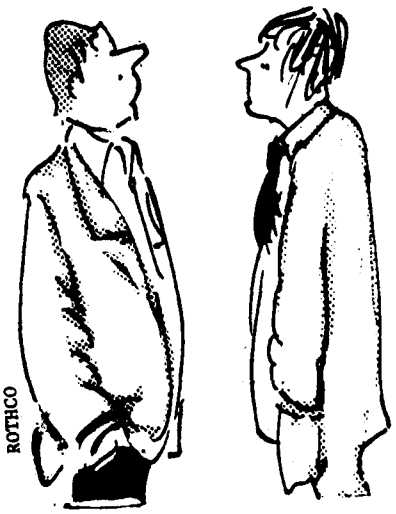
help!!!!

McGovern as Hawk

By now the flap's forgotten,
But for a while last week
Paul Warnke's face was waxen,
And Jimmy couldn't speak.
He wanted—for a moment—
To "take out" bad Pol Pot,
But State Department spokesmen
Reminded him what's what.

W. H. VON DREELE



"I'm unemployed because I wasn't seasonally adjusted."

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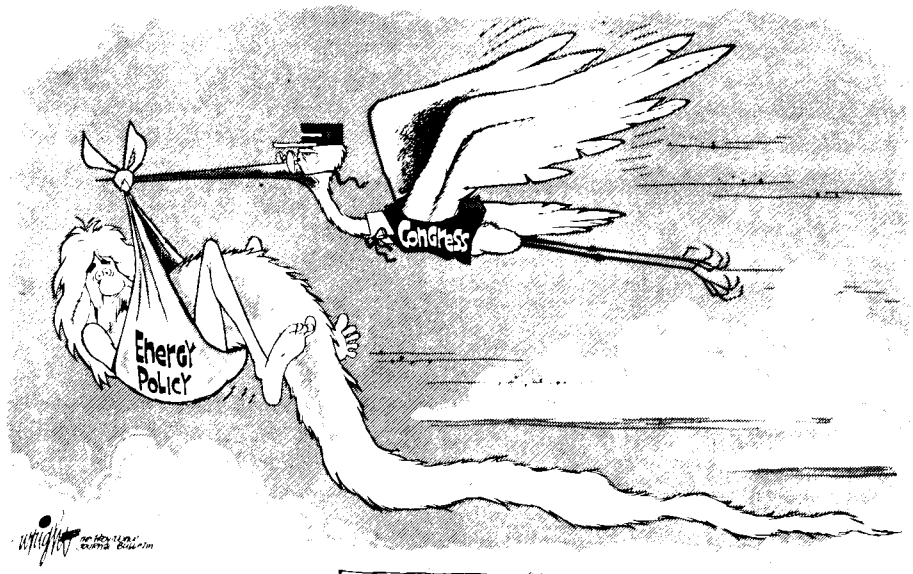
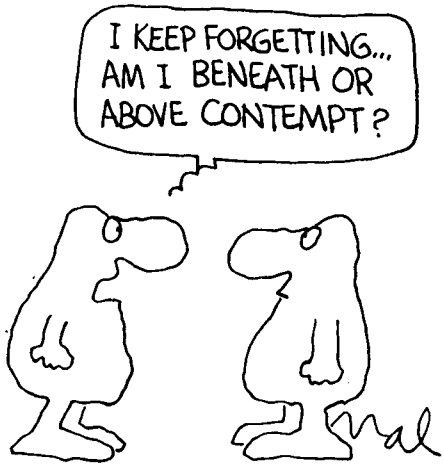
"Do you have any idea how hard it is being all-knowing?"





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(Continued from page 1207)

ing in another sector of society, they deserved what they got." There is a paradox here—for if government is as loathsome and corrupt as Randians and (mutatis mutandis) Republicans believe, the logical course would seem to be to get in there and change it; yet in spite of common sense, and Rand's exhortations, the distressingly common reaction is to wash one's hands. (Connor conceded that Randian Alan Greenspan was an honorable exception; Greenspan, who is the most circumspect of men—if Alan Greenspan goes to Hell, he will be forced to sing and dance as punishment—would only say of the way his philosophy made him view his job, "It didn't turn me off; I don't speak for others.")

"A third of a century of centralizing power and responsibility in Washington," Nixon continued in the speech with which we began, "has produced a bureaucratic monstrosity, cumbersome, unresponsive, ineffective." One might quibble with "bureaucratic," for the problems reach out to the Hill, the press, and the President's men. "Monstrosity" also suggests a solidity and a unity of purpose which the distempers of the Federal Government cannot be said to have. Yet Nixon—and everyone who agreed with him (which was practically everyone)—was generally right. There had grown up in Washington centers of power (or sources of friction—it amounts to the same thing), as large as departments, as small as single civil servants. These centers/sources influenced the policy of constitutionally prescribed officials when they could, thwarted it when they had to, and defended themselves, when necessary, from attack. What they might do if someone were to attack them all at once remained to be seen.

On the morning of November 6, 1968, first ABC, then NBC, then finally Hubert Humphrey, conceded the Presidency to Richard Nixon.

II. Two Memos

The soul of Richard Nixon has been sifted with the aid of everything from exorcism to proctology, and it is probably not worth adding to the confusion—except to make two points.

The first is that, on domestic issues, Richard Nixon is not a conservative. Some doubt whether he is anything at all. "You cannot begin to comprehend," muses the Washington New Right powerhouse Paul Weyrich, who was an aide to former Senator Gordon Allott (R., Colo.), "the problems an Administration gets into when it is 100 per cent negotiable."

By "conservative," I mean, among other things, "anti-statist"—a definition which will not please everybody, but which seems by now firmly riveted to the word, and which speaks to something deep in the American grain. Nixon shares some conservative prejudices: a dislike of Capitol Beltway apparatchiks; a fondness, in the best Hoover tradition, for efficiency and operational order. But neither of these is the same thing as the lust for liberty; and the shell-shocked Jeffersonians, punchy from the Great Society, who voted for Nixon as one of their own, misread him. Nixon began his career domestically in the "moderate" wing of his party; and, despite constant spats and estrangements, he never plighted his troth elsewhere. Conservative solutions could not be expected to come naturally to him; they would arise, if at all, empirically, or pragmatically.

THE SECOND is that Nixon's heart belongs to foreign policy. The struggle for the world, and the possible resolutions of it, have always been his primary interests; even the domestic issue which first boosted him to prominence—the Hiss case—concerned a foreign spy ring. If these articles have little to say about foreign policy, that is partly because the problems are different—the foreign service lacks many of the civil service's disincentives, and the interest-group third of an international triangle is (except in unique cases, such as Israel and South Korea) weak—but mainly because Nixon's foreign policy efforts were, from an operational point of view, successful, and hence dull. In six and a half years, a determined President did pretty much what he wanted, chiefly because he wanted it very badly. Nixon traced this preoccupation to his religious background: "I was brought up a Quaker," he told Theodore White in 1967. "People say I'm a hawk, but I want peace." But whatever the reasons, there is no question but that his eyes turned more readily to the globe than to the Federal Government.

One of the first casualties of this far-sightedness was the Nixon personnel program. Nixon had wanted no repetition of Eisenhower's failure in 1953 to smoke out Democrats from their appointed posts; accordingly, he agreed to let John Sears—later of Reagan fame—monitor the mopping-up operations in the Executive Branch. Sears, a 28-year-old lawyer from Nixon's firm, had been hunting delegates for him since 1967; he was now White House liaison to the Republican National Committee, and to state and local leaders; he knew where the talented replacements could come from, and he was well suited to the job. But he had, in the course of the campaign, kowtowed insufficiently to John Mitchell, who proceeded to set up a patronage shop of his own. Harry Flemming, as young as Sears and nowhere near as experienced, also went to the White House to handle personnel—a duplication which led to confusion, cross-purposes, and ultimately (as we shall see) failure. It is easy enough to blame Mitchell, who let pique interfere with his boss's best interests; but, in fact, the boss was not interested.

Lacking a ready political philosophy, and drawn to other matters, Nixon left his campaign against the "bureaucratic monstrosity" in limbo—where, in the days between election and inauguration, it encountered two seminal memos. The first, from a Republican businessman, dealt with the government's structure. The second, from a liberal Democrat, dealt with its policies.

Richard Goodwin was used to seminal writing. Working for Johnson in 1964, he upper-cased and explicated "great society," transforming a campaign phrase into a vision. He began the 1968 campaign with McCarthy, switched after the Wisconsin primary to Bobby, then went back to McCarthy

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when Sirhan struck. In the midst of turmoil, he penned a memorandum which eventually ran as an article in *The New Yorker* ("Sources of the Public Unhappiness," January 4, 1969). But, while in transit from Clean Gene to a spot amongst the Peck & Peck ads, the Goodwin memo passed through the hands of Leonard Garment and Ray Price at Nixon headquarters.

It would be wrong to stress the causal significance of the memo; Nixon already knew Goodwin's thinking sufficiently to discuss it (on *Firing Line* in September 1967, for example), and the Nixon team could have found the same ideas percolating elsewhere. But as a sign of what was in the air, and a prophecy of things to come, the Goodwin memo is interesting.

It begins by quoting Jefferson at his most anarchistic. "'Were we directed from Washington when to sow, and when to reap, we should soon want bread.'" America suffers, Goodwin continues, from a "malaise of powerlessness." Public life has ballooned beyond the average citizen's control.

> The air around him is poisoned, parkland disappears under relentless bulldozers, traffic stalls and jams, airplanes cannot land, and even his own streets are unsafe and, increasingly, streaked with terror. Yet he cannot remember having decided that these things should happen, or even having wished them. He has no sense that there is anything he can do to arrest the tide.

Moreover, traditional—that is, New Deal-style—remedies will only generate more of the same.

> The fact is that organizational neatness and central control . . . are often inefficient. Government programs break down or prove inadequate not merely because they are badly conceived but because the problems they seek to deal with are far too large for the limited abilities of a few administrators.

So far, all this accorded with Nixon's— ndeed, with most conservatives'—insights. Early in his term, Nixon confided to Pat Moynihan that "the reason Hubert lost was not Vietnam": he lost "because the New Deal is over." Goodwin's solutions, however, beckoned to more exotic ground. Federal power would not be surrendered or devolved, but reorganized. "*The general guide should be to transfer power to the smallest unit consistent with the scale of the problem* [Goodwin's italics]. Many conservatives," he continued warningly,

> have welcomed the idea of decentralization, hearing in it comforting echoes of old battle cries about states' rights. They are mistaken, for decentralization, if it is to work, will require even larger public programs and even more money for public needs.
>
> Nor does decentralization mean the absence of rigorous national standards for the use of national revenues. . . . Such standards are necessary to protect citizens against unresponsive government.

Goodwin fired a similar warning shot across the bow of the average man.

> Of course, even with decentralization, most people will not actually make decisions. Still, those who do make them will be within reach of their fellow residents. . . . This, in itself, will yield at least the potential of influence and effective protest.

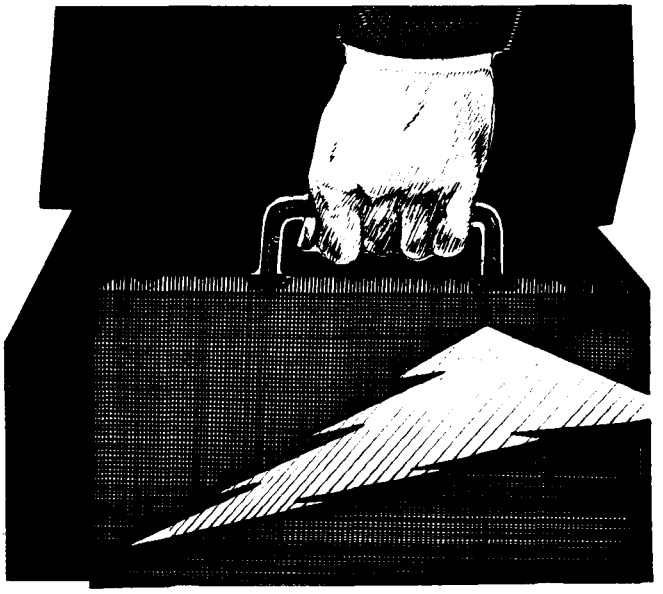
The Goodwin plan, then, was by no means a return to the Tenth Amendment. Money, "standards," power would remain at the discretion of the Federal Government, while individuals gained nothing more than a vague—though (Goodwin believed) potent—power of proximity. But—no small but—the Washington bureaucrat would die. The Mess would be cleaned up by being rationalized, dispersed. That, at least, was a goal which anyone could accept.

Nixon's team, in those early days, gathered not only memos but men; and the most forceful advocate of the Goodwin-style post-New Deal liberalism they discovered was Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

Perhaps the verb "discovered" is in the wrong voice. In September 1967, Moynihan, Harvard academic and former Assistant Secretary of Labor, urged upon the Americans for Democratic Action the necessity of making "effective alliances with political conservatives" in the interests of preserving the social order. Practicing as he preached, he forwarded a copy of his speech to Nixon's aide Len Garment. Two months later, Theodore White recorded that Nixon had "been reading some things recently by this fellow Moynihan —very good stuff; did I know Moynihan and what did I think of him?" Meanwhile, Representative Melvin Laird had asked Moynihan to contribute to a GOP think-piece anthology, *Republican Papers*; later, during the campaign, Laird urged Nixon to give Moynihan a high post in the Administration. What Moynihan got was the post of White House Assistant for Urban Affairs; what he earned, for a season at least, was the role of intellectual mentor to the President.

The importance of the Moynihan charm in all these maneuvers can be misunderstood. Charming he was—his talk entertaining, his memos a delight. "The Irish," observed Chesterton, ". . . still regard rhetoric as a distinct art. . . . Thus a man makes a speech as a man plays a violin, not necessarily without feeling, but chiefly because he knows how to do it." But more important than gab was the charm of his ideas; and the most charming idea of all was the poetic conceit of Disraeli.

Disraeli, Moynihan reminded Nixon, was a great conservative who stole liberal thunder by stealing liberal reforms. When Disraeli came to power in 1874, he did not go in like gangbusters, like some Tory Goldwater, denying and negating; rather, he contrived both to help the poor and to



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keep his country stable—and, incidentally, to stay in office for six years and go down in history. Disraelism suffused the new liberal policies with the most seductive hues. The bureaucrats must go—that, everyone from Kennedy to Wallace would agree, was revolutionary. But to retain, reorganize, even expand the programs they had administered (". . . decentralization, if it is to work, will require even larger public programs . . .") would be conservative, in the truest sense: conserving and fulfilling the promises of the Great Society—its ends if not its means—on which millions had come to count. But it would, at the same time, be revolutionary *for Nixon*—to break away from the stand-patters, the stick-in-the-muds; to boldly go where Republican has never gone before . . .

NIXON, IT must be emphasized, enjoyed hearing this. He "was not," as former Moynihan aide John Price insists, "just being captured at the last minute." Nixon, to the extent he thought about it at all, hired Moynihan in order to be influenced by him; and here it is appropriate to limn a third feature of the Nixon character—the desire to startle, to be contrary, to drop back and lob the big one. Perhaps the greatest Nixon coup was his comeback; but the mannerism also appeared in his foreign policy—the trip to China, the Christmas bombings. In foreign policy, however, where Nixon was at home, the surprises were coordinated with long-range goals; domestically, they tended to be haphazard and discrete.

In this case, Nixon might have known better, for Disraeli has a long history as a bog for unwary American right-wingers. Thirty years ago, Peter Viereck was even using the Disraeli myth to justify that great American Tory, Franklin D. Roosevelt. The problem is that Disraelian conservatism, *taken out of context, amounts to little more than expediency* on stilts. Where government consists of a coalition of estates —King, Church, Lords, Commons—then compensatory politics may be the right way to juggle it. But where organizations are defined by interests (the AFL-CIO as Commons?), the Disraelian method fades into good old-fashioned favor-mongering. And favor-mongering, as Roosevelt knew—but not Peter Viereck—is best done frankly.

With these principles, then, and in this guise, Nixon launched his first great domestic package. The man who had had only vague notions as to what he might do with the country was proposing, seven months into his first term, nothing less than a New Federalism. The explicit purpose of the New Federalism speech (August 8, 1969) was to announce the beginning of the end of The Mess in Washington. It was in this speech that Nixon deplored the "bureaucratic monstrosity" and "the crisis of confidence" in government; and he offered, as remedy, "the first major reversal of the trend toward even more centralization . . . in Washington, D.C." Symbolic of this reversal was the Family Assistance Plan.

Reforming the welfare system made good strategic and political sense. Federal welfare symbolized "bureaucracy" at its most chaotic and importunate, and Nixon Republicans would enjoy an assault upon it. But as a Republican proposal, FAP was curious: for it was created by Democrats and, in large part, killed by them.[1]

The negative income tax—which is what FAP was developed from—was the brain-child of Milton Friedman; Sargent Shriver had toyed with it during the Johnson Administration. But nothing was further from the President-elect's mind when he delegated his first welfare task force in late 1968. Candidate Nixon had come out squarely opposed to the idea, and what his task force recommended instead was a federally funded nationwide floor for those already on welfare—families in which the father had deserted or died (increasingly the former). When conservatives attacked this idea at a February 6 meeting of the Urban Affairs Council, the new liberals regrouped for a second try.

The welfare subcommittee of the Urban Affairs Council was headed by Robert Finch. He passed the job on to Under Secretary John Veneman; the Veneman task force gave it to a working group chaired by Worth Bateman. Bateman was a Democratic holdover, and he brought in from OEO (the Office of Economic Opportunity) James Lyday, another Democrat, who had been among the first of Shriver's underlings to take an interest in the negative income tax; and together, they revived it.

The Bateman-Lyday plan extended the federally funded nationwide floor to every American family with children. It added six million people to the welfare rolls, and millions to the budget (which the architects in their presentation modestly disguised by adding $600 million to the estimates of the first task force). The idea seemed so audacious that they did not even bother with conventional cosmetics, but picked a spoof title in the grand manner: The Christian Working Man's Anti-Communist National Defense Rivers and Harbors Act of 1969.

Nixon soon discovered that without White House direction, Departments tend to be run, not by their Secretaries, but by themselves

When the plan reached Moynihan, he took up the grand manner in earnest, and backed it to the hilt. "The Family Security System [its new name]," he exhorted Nixon in March, "would enable you . . . to assert with full validity that it was under your Presidency that poverty was abolished in America." At the same time, he stressed that the FSS would abolish poverticians. The day after Easter, Moynihan reported cheerily to John Price: "A good meeting, a very good meeting with Nixon. The President asked me, 'Will FSS get rid of social workers?' and I promised him it would wipe them out!"

The opposition, meanwhile, was not idle. Arthur Burns, serving as Counselor to the President with Cabinet rank until the chairmanship of the Federal Reserve Board became vacant, argued vigorously against it, and on April 14 he handed Nixon a memo written—or rather, assembled—by Martin Anderson. It was entitled "A Short History of a 'Family Security System,'" and it consisted of a long quotation from

1. For the genesis of FAP, see Martin Anderson, *Welfare* (Hoover Institution Press, 1978), Chapter IV; and Vincent and Vee Burke, *Nixon's Good Deed—Welfare Reform* (Columbia University Press, 1974).

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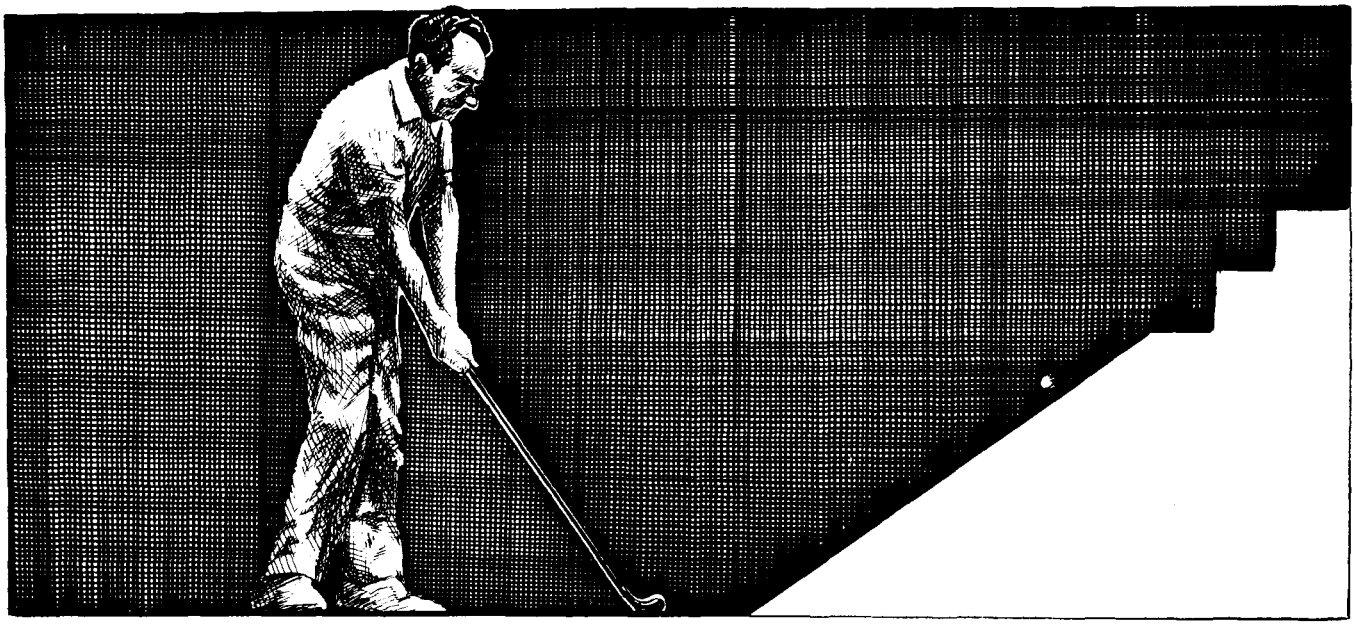

historian Karl Polanyi. It seems that in 1795, a gathering of English justices in the town of Speenhamland decided that, because of hard times, each laborer should receive a subsidy scaled to the price of bread "so that a minimum income should be assured to the poor irrespective of their earnings." But the laborers, it turned out, preferred drawing the subsidy to laboring; and "little by little," Polanyi concluded darkly, "the people of the countryside were pauperized."

Moynihan responded by phoning a historian friend at Cambridge (England, not Massachusetts) for a revisionist interpretation, and replied in a splendid puff of noblesse oblige. "It seems absurd," he wrote Nixon, "to trouble you with controversies concerning the post-Napoleonic economic history of Britain [though not the Victorian political history of Britain?], but if you like . . ."

The saving modification came from Secretary of Labor George Shultz. As the plan stood, it stipulated that for every dollar a poor working family earned, its welfare payments would decrease by 50 cents. Shultz suggested, as an added work incentive, that the first $20 of earnings a week be ignored—that payments continue in full. This would add another $1 billion to the price tag, but it was not, he argued, a welfare cost—"i.e., not a payment for non-workers. Instead, it is a fundamental girder in building a solid bridge from welfare to work." Once Disraeli joined hands with the work ethic, Burns, Anderson, and Polanyi were finished.

The death in Congress of FSS—finally christened FAP—was long and intricate. Though some conservatives reacted favorably—NATIONAL REVIEW was intrigued, but skeptical; James J. Kilpatrick applauded, then recanted—most conservative politicians opposed it. Had it seemed less of an improvisation—less of a "hothouse flower," as Evans and Novak called it—the Right might have behaved less cagily.

But the marginally fatal opposition to FAP came from the Left, and was fueled by the welfare triangle. Actually, in this case, the Washington civil servants seem to have held the line. The real flak came from the local welfare workers, who stood to lose their jobs, or at least their union benefits, as state and city programs were replaced by the FAP cash system. These benefits were often considerable—New York City's servants of the poor enjoyed a 35-hour week, which dipped to thirty during the summer; some of them put in less time than "non-working" members of the families they supervised. The welfare workers were joined in their protests by the radical National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO), which deemed FAP tight-fisted and racist, and which re-christened it the Family Annihilation Plan. Black congressmen, and liberals generally, toed the triangular line. George McGovern arranged to have an NWRO meeting in a Senate conference room; and Eugene McCarthy, Richard Goodwin's former boss, voted against the bill—thus bringing us full circle.

Moynihan left the White House in December 1970. The New Federalism—renamed the New American Revolution, re-renamed the New Federalism—continued as a kind of chop-mark on new ideas, none maybe as glittering as FAP, though at least one of them—general revenue sharing—fared better in Congress. Domestic mentors came and went—George Shultz, John Ehrlichman. The guiding impulse, however, remained the same: reform by reorganization; power to the people—or, at least, power near the people. "We are going to provide," said Nixon in his 1971 State of the Union message, "more centers of power where what you do can make a difference that you can see and feel in your own life and the life of your whole community." *What you can do* and *we are going to provide* were equal parts of the formula.

THE 1971 State of the Union address also sketched a reorganization of a different though complementary kind—a complete overhaul of the Executive Branch. The New Federalism sought to shift the weight of the system; the Nixon reorganization plan aimed to reshape it. Seven departments—Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, HEW, HUD, and Transportation—would be dismantled and molded into four. Efficiency and functionalism were to become the new Washington watchwords. Republicans have a long tradition of operational Bauhaus. When Truman came to pick the head of his Commission on the Organization of the Executive Branch in 1949, he chose Herbert Hoover—and Nixon's plan, appropriately, was a fruit of that second memo of the 1968-69 interregnum, the oné from Roy Ash, a Republican, and the President of Litton Industries.

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Ash's original suggestions were not nearly so ambitious. He merely urged that the Executive Office—the Bureau of the Budget, the various staffs and councils reporting directly to the President—be organized in a more businesslike way. Ash got a room in the Executive Office Building and a five-man council to study the problem.

As for the Executive Branch at large, Nixon's original impulse was to let each Secretary run his own shop. "I would disperse power, spread it among able people," he had told reporters in May 1968. "I'd select Cabinet members who could do their jobs, and each of them would have the stature and the power to function effectively." Eight months later, he was telling his Secretaries to think of themselves as "Deputy Presidents." Not surprisingly, this leeway extended only to domestic matters; foreign affairs, which Nixon genuinely cared for, he would manage himself. "I've always thought this country could run itself domestically without a President," he had told White in 1967; "[but] you need a President for foreign policy."

Nixon soon discovered, however, that without direction from the White House, Departments tend to be run, not by their Secretaries, but by themselves. A number of his appointees lacked political and administrative experience; and of those who did not, several had been chosen according to traditional, bloc-style politics, to "represent" special interests —Romney at HUD, for instance. In either case, Secretaries soon found themselves, through ignorance, bewilderment, or genuine sympathy, going native.

The most glaring delinquencies concerned personnel. In a December 9, 1968 memo to his speechwriters, Nixon noted that "sub-Cabinet appointees will not be imposed on the members of the Cabinet." A few months later, Nixon iterated to his Secretaries that the 2,500 non-career appointments in the Executive Branch were theirs to make. Moreover, they should consider ability first, and loyalty second. As Nixon left the Cabinet room, Evans and Novak reported, he turned to an aide and remarked, "I just made a big mistake."

INDEED he had. The distinction between ability and loyalty, beyond a certain point, is spurious: a froward genius is as bad as an agreeable moron; and Nixon's remark only reinforced the tendency of freshman Secretaries to fall into the embraces of veteran holdovers. These holdovers now scuttled the already faltering personnel effort of Harry Flemming. Whenever Flemming tried any weeding out, indignant Secretaries informed him that they had been given a free hand. After long cajoling—again, *vide* Evans and Novak—Clifford Hardin at Agriculture finally agreed to release a Democratic Assistant Secretary who had been in place since 1961; but when the press depicted Hardin as knuckling under to White House pressure, he angrily reneged. "I will not be bullied," he told Flemming, and the Assistant Secretary stayed on until March 1971. "For a month or so," Burns's deputy Anderson told Richard Whalen, "the bureaucrats were scared to death. Then, when nothing happened, they went ahead with business as usual. After a while, they had so much contempt for us, they didn't even bother to return our calls."

Nixon's reaction was slow in coming. To Flemming's pleas for Oval Office support, he responded by issuing polite—i.e., ineffective—reprimands. When Romney appeared with a HUD plan for continuing one of the Great Society's greatest lemons—Model Cities—Nixon went along. Perhaps he was waiting—Prince Hal, meet Wilkins Micawber—for some great gesture. If so, the findings of the Ash Council gave him his opening.

The Council's recommendations came out in two stages. The first dealt with the subject of Ash's original memo, the Executive Office. Good businessmen all, Ash's men saw the President as the manager of the Executive Branch; and to help him manage, they proposed the creation of two groups, one to devise policies, and the other to follow them up—a Domestic Council, and a new, improved version of the Bureau of the Budget, with "Management" added to its title. Or as Nixon explained it to Congress in March 1970, "The

By the end of his first term, Nixon's two-pronged attack on The Mess in Washington had run into a rock and a hard place

Domestic Council will be primarily concerned with *what* we do; the Office of Management and Budget will be primarily concerned with *how* we do it, and *how well* we do it" (Nixon's emphasis). Each was meant to swing wayward Departments into line. Ranged beneath Ehrlichman at the Domestic Council were six Assistant Directors, who covered between them the whole Federal Government. Beneath each Assistant Director were a number of working groups, hammering out specific problems. When the Departments had completed their shopping lists, they took them to Shultz at OMB, who had final say on all details; Nixon, who had spent forty deadly hours working over the 1971 budget, did not want everyone trooping to him with new pleas.

But the real barrage from the Ash Council came a year later, test-fired in the 1971 State of the Union message and let loose in earnest in a March 25 message to Congress on Executive reorganization. However novel in intent, the Domestic Council and OMB were no different in scope from the intra-White House tune-ups suggested to every President since FDR was handed the Brownlow Report in 1937. What Nixon proposed now was to take on the whole structure of the Cabinet—"a hopeless confusion of form and function."

Grimly, the March message ticked off the statistics. Nine federal Departments and twenty independent agencies for education. Seven Departments and eight independent agencies for health. Six agencies in three Departments to manage federal recreation; seven agencies to provide assistance for sewer construction. Six Departments gathering economic statistics; seven pondering the complexities of international trade. To ponder the complexities of traffic within the Federal Government, 850 interagency committees. "And now," it continued, "we face a fundamental choice. We can continue to tinker with the machinery . . . Or we can step back, take a careful look, and then make a concerted and sustained effort to reorganize the Executive Branch."

To begin his concerted effort, Nixon proposed four new Departments—Natural Resources, Community Development,

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Human Resources, and Economic Affairs. The oldest Departments—State, Treasury, Defense, and Justice, all established, or descended from Departments and offices that had been established, in 1789—would remain as they were; everything else would be regrouped. The Department of Human Resources, for example, would absorb HEW, the food distribution programs from Agriculture, the college housing program from HUD, the independent Railroad Retirement Board, most of OEO, and—from Labor—the Manpower Administration, the Women's Bureau, and the Unemployment Insurance Program.

This second Ash Council plan was not mere box-shuffling; or rather, it was box-shuffling with a purpose. The plan was explicitly designed to attack our old friend, the triangle. "The narrower [its] mission, the more likely it is that [a] Department will see itself as an advocate . . . for a special point of view." It was also designed to combat that deadly effect of the sin of volume, ignorance. No longer would the information relevant to a particular problem be scattered hither and yon; once government was reorganized around problems, information could follow form. Finally, the Ash plan looked to ease the problem of accountability. The clearer the division of labor, the easier it would become to measure results. To make things easier still, Nixon urged giving the new Secretaries broader power to hire, fire, and manage.

All in all, something to displease everyone: congressmen whose committee empires would dissolve; Secretaries whose Departments stood to be eviscerated; constituencies who would see their long-defended beachheads fall to the enemy.

Both plans quickly went awry. At the White House, the anti-bureaucrats soon found that they had become a bureaucracy of their own. Ehrlichman, an able problem-solver, was trapped by his talent into taking on more and more problems of decreasing importance; his aides were subtly transformed from policymakers to ombudsmen and errand boys. One White House staffer spent three months with the Veterans' Administration, getting address lists from the Defense Department and then coordinating mailings with the Postal Service.[2] "Confusion is created when men try to do too much at the top," wrote HUD veteran Robert Wood, of similar circumstances in the Johnson Administration:

> As this confusion continues, a curious inversion occurs. Operational matters flow to the top—as central staffs become engrossed in subduing outlying bureaucracies—and policymaking emerges at the bottom. At the top minor problems squeeze out major ones, and individuals lower down the echelons who have the time for reflection and mischief-making take up issues of fundamental philosophical and political significance.

This inversion was already evident by the time of the 1971 Reorganization Message; "too many questions," it noted, ". . . surface at the presidential level that should be resolved at levels of government closer to the scene of the action." A reorganized Cabinet, it was hoped, would be able to take pressure off the reorganized White House.

The reorganized Cabinet, however, never got past Congress. It had trouble enough getting off the drawing board. Many of its doughtiest foes were within the Administration. The first setback came in November 1971, with the resurrection of the Department of Agriculture. Secretary Hardin's initial reaction had been phlegmatic; when told his Department would disappear, he only said, "Gee, I signed a lease on a house yesterday; if I'd known that, I wouldn't have." But politics induced the White House to bring it back: prices were plummeting, and, with 1972 approaching, Republicans did not want to antagonize farmers. The switch back made the Administration look inconsistent and undoubtedly hurt the plan as a whole.

Then there were disputes over the divvying up of spoils among the new Departments.[3] Rogers Morton at Interior, for instance, approved of the Department of Natural Resources, since Interior remained intact at the core of it. But Clifford Hardin objected to losing the Forest Service, the Rural Electrification Administration, and the budget authority over the Soil Conservation Service—a prize agency with offices scattered in nearly every county in America. Maurice Stans wanted to keep the new National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration at Commerce (NOAA had gone to Commerce in the first place because that is where the congressional subcommittees on oceanography had jurisdiction),. Romney had no problems with the plan—except that he wanted the Open Spaces program to stay at HUD.

When all the kinks had been finally ironed out, the new Departments went to their deaths in Congress. One Nixon aide recalls presenting the scheme to Chet Holifield, chairman of the House Government Operations Committee: "He was surprised, to say the least." Holifield eventually came to like the Department of Community Development, but by then it was too late for congressional action. The scheme had gotten off to a delayed start as it was: returning home from de Gaulle's funeral in November of 1970, Nixon had very nearly shelved it in order to concentrate on his more Disraelian initiatives; and by the time Congress began hearings, attention was already wandering to elections.

By the end of his first term, then, Nixon's two-pronged attack on The Mess in Washington had run into a rock and a hard place. The New Federalism could not get by on boldness alone; it faced political problems requiring political solutions. Four years of pushing and two good congressional elections, in 1972 and 1974, might see it through.

The failure of Executive reorganization was more complicated. The existing Cabinet system encouraged parochialism and infighting, while diverting power to the Domestic Council only choked the White House. But Congress had not acted to reform the Cabinet. Nixon was like a doctor with two prescriptions—the first was little better than the disease, and the second could not be filled. He could always, of course, hope for a political solution to this dilemma as well—a suddenly friendly Congress which would give him what he wanted. But that could take months, years—while governing, as he had discovered, starts at day one.

At least for his second term, Nixon resolved to start at day one himself. □

2. John H. Kessel, *The Domestic Presidency* (Duxbury Press, 1975), pp. 101-102. Kessel warns the reader in his preface that he has "changed the names of agencies and programs. The analytical point of each original statement has been retained, but the name of a similar agency or program has been substituted."

3. For the struggles over the Department of Natural Resources, see John C. Whitaker, *Striking a Balance* (AEI-Hoover Policy Studies, 1976) pp. 58-66.

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The Virtues Of Incentive

WHEN THE HISTORY of the 95th Congress is written, it should be recorded as a time when our lawmakers rediscovered the social virtues of incentive.

Such appears to be the lesson emerging from the pulling and hauling that produced a tax bill in the House and is moving toward a like denouement in the Senate. While the bill approved in the lower chamber is far from perfect, omitting several features which would have made it appreciably better, it is by general consent the best thing to come out of Congress on this subject in upward of a decade. The critical factor in the package is, precisely, its pervasive emphasis on incentive.

The major items in the bill as it passed the House are reductions in taxes on capital gains, both through a lowering of the maximum rates (from 49.1 to 35 per cent) and through indexing to account for increases in property values traceable to inflation rather than authentic economic growth. The bill also increases the personal exemption, reduces the corporate rate by two percentage points, and liberalizes the investment credit. In addition, it sets aside most of the Carter "reforms," which would have had the effect of raising taxes instead of lowering them.

Slashing the maximum levy on capital gains was the biggest victory for the advocates of incentive, and much of the credit for this outcome should go to Representative William Steiger (R., Wis.). He was foremost among a group of lawmakers in the House (Senator Clifford Hansen of Wyoming played a similar role in the upper chamber) stressing the adverse results of the enormous tax on capital adopted in 1969. As a result of this action, which doubled the maximum levy on capital gains, there has been a drastic slowing in the pace of investment and a consequent lag in economic productivity.

"In 1968," Steiger observes, "three hundred high-technology companies were started. In 1976, there were none. . . . In 1969, 698 firms with a net worth under $5 million raised $1.4 billion in capital. In 1975, four firms raised $15 million, not billion. . . . Between 1969 and 1976, investments in tax-free municipal bonds increased by 52.9 per cent. Investment in the stock market—a primary source of capital—declined by 4 per cent. Yet from 1962 to 1969, a period of low taxation on capital, stock market investments increased by 70.7 per cent."

A Static Universe

What was ignored by the sponsors of the 1969 increase was the impact of their action on incentives. They thought they could raise the burden of federal taxes on the economy and not affect the level of transactions. In this and other respects, analyses of tax effects have blandly assumed a static universe in which the tax rates change and everything else remains the same. As Steiger's figures indicate, it doesn't work that way. Now the lawmakers are moving to apply the lesson in reverse: By lowering tax rates, thereby increasing the level of incentive, it should be possible to swell the volume of transactions and thus provide a boost to the economy. (Also, as pointed out by tax analyst David Williams, it would provide a tax break directly to citizens of ordinary income, since half of those reporting capital gains make $15,000 a year or less.)

"A reduction in the capital gains tax," says Edward R. Greef, a senior partner at the brokerage firm of Adams and Peck, "would unlock billions of dollars, much of which would be reinvested in new or small businesses, thereby creating jobs for hundreds of thousands of people."

This is language Congress has begun to speak with increasing frequency. In the upper chamber, Senator Russell Long (D., La.), chairman of the Finance Committee, talks of the need to "shoot ahead of the ducks" and to compute the changes in the level of economic activity to forecast the true results of changes in the tax law. This augurs well for the modest legislation now before the Senate, and, at a future time, for the more ambitious proposals still before the House: Steiger's original bill (HR-12111), which would cut the capital gains tax to 25 per cent, and the bill promoted by Representative Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) and Senator William Roth (R., Del.), which would cut back individual income taxes by 30 per cent across the board (see "Kemp & Co.," *NR*, June 10, 1977).

Kemp-Roth, ironically, was voted down as an amendment to the House-passed tax bill, pretty much on a party-line vote. This reflects the fact that the proposal has become an item of Republican orthodoxy, and will be a major focus of debate in the congressional by-elections. It went down to defeat for partisan reasons. Yet, in a conceptual sense, Kemp-Roth has already won. For it has been the vehicle by which the lessons of incentive, "the Laffer Curve," and the negative effects of high taxation have been conveyed to Congress and the public.

Heretical Notions

As Kemp summarized the point in floor debate on his amendment: "By recreating the incentive to work, to save, to invest, and to take economic risks—four basic, crucially important, yet distinct, economic activities—by reducing the percentage of the reward for that economic activity taken by the Federal Government in the form of taxes, we will have more work, more saving, more investment, and more entrepreneurial activity on the part of individuals. When taken as a whole, this will expand the total amount of economic activity, expanding the tax base from which federal tax revenues are drawn."

Twelve months ago such notions seemed heretical in Washington; now they are something like the common parlance of our politics. That's a tribute to Kemp-Roth's supply-side economics, the arguments of Steiger, and the political impact of the tax rebellion. Specific legislative victories remain to be accomplished, and, in view of tax hikes built into existing law, are urgently required. But the intellectual victory on this point has already been achieved. □

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Indelible Pope

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

When Pope Paul VI died, on the Feast of Christ's Transfiguration, he became easy prey for those—friends and enemies alike—who would distort his image as surely as they had distorted the image of his two immediate predecessors, Pius and John. To gain a proper understanding of Paul, born Giovanni Battista Montini in a village near Brescia, one must also understand these other popes.

Pius XII, for instance, is depicted today as a sclerotic arch-conservative. This is misleading. Pius was in fact *politically* conservative, in that he believed (see his Christmas Allocution of 1944) that democracy could survive only with a parliament of elites, *una eletta di uomini*—cautiously translated as "selected men." It was actually Pius, however, who initiated many of the liturgical reforms that only received full attention after Vatican II. He favored ecumenism, and the German ecumenical movement started with his blessing. Pius also allowed, for the first time, married clergymen of other religions to convert and be ordained as Catholic priests in the Latin Rite while remaining married—a decision which prompted a protest from the American Church hierarchy. Finally, Pius intended to convene an Ecumenical Council.

The fulfillment of that intention was left to Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli, Pope John XXIII. Like Pius, John was a diplomat; but he remained at heart the son of a peasant, with the wisdom and good humor of that class. In France, when de Gaulle wanted all "Pétainist" bishops deposed, Roncalli interceded to avert the threat. At his election, John was rightly regarded as a conservative. He wrote one of his first encyclicals on the place of Latin in the Church. The first year or two of his pontificate is even now referred to as a time of "dark reaction." The Jesuits, who had been so close to Pius, were purged from the Biblical Institute and the Vatican hierarchy.

Suddenly, as if he had received a revelation, John played out Pius' plan and called the Council. But even this Council, now considered so revolutionary, was essentially *pastoral*, not dogmatic. Though it issued nearly 400,000 words of decrees, none altered the central beliefs of the Church. But this is not widely remembered, thanks to what Eric de Saventhen has called an attack of "peritonitis": a number of the *periti* (the theological experts assisting the bishops), unable to get their more radical ideas accepted by the Council, established a sort of para-magisterium which had the attention of the media. These *periti* interpreted the Council's decisions as they preferred.

Misapplied Decrees

Other churchmen also misapplied the Council's decrees. To take just one example, Article 45 of the Decree on Holy Liturgy says that bishops may allow the Mass to be said in the vernacular, but that Latin is to be preserved as the language of the Church. The American bishops willfully ignored this directive and *abolished* the use of Latin. This mess left by the unfinished Vatican Council is what Pope Paul inherited.

Paul also had to overcome personal comparisons between himself and his predecessor. Perhaps the most holy of the last three popes, John could ignite a crowd with his warmth, as he did in the early days of his papacy with a visit to Regina Coeli prison, where he was greeted warmly by thieves, murderers, rapists, and arsonists. Paul lacked this personal dynamism. And there was also a conflict within Paul between his theological conservatism and his political leftism.

Humanae Vitae, in which he condemned artificial contraception, Paul's theological trademark. It refl the concern of the Church for a manity endangered by biological nipulation. And yet Paul emphasize the time that this was not a dogm proclamation, and that it did not resent an infallible decision. *Huma Vitae* ends with an appeal for furt medical and biological research. understood that moral decisions c cerning secular matters can only based on *existing* scientific knowlec When that knowledge changes—as inevitably does in the course of hist —a re-examination of the problem required. *Humanae Vitae* is no m likely to be the last word on Cath sexuality than the pill is likely to the ultimate in contraceptive te niques. It might have been better Paul left this issue alone. Many Chu laws have fallen into disuse and are longer invoked, or even challeng Meanwhile, *Humanae Vitae* helped cause a grave crisis of ecclesiasti authority.

A Good M

The same can be said about Pope's social and economic pronoun ments. It is here that the Left made its greatest inroads in Cathc culture. The chimera of a compassi ate leftism, invoking Christian prin ples, has always been a great temp tion for Catholics. Pope Paul was victim of this temptation. Whereas Jo visited Regina Coeli prison, P traveled to the United Nations, sur a worse den of iniquity. He also s ported the World Council of Church which—later, I admit—has found morally defensible to bankroll bla terrorists in southern Africa. It was t same with Paul's abortive *Ostpolit* Paul constantly feared a world cc flagration—so I felt during my d cussion with him on Vietnam—and w willing to try anything to avert it.

Paul was undoubtedly a good, *simp tico* man. It is premature to judge h now. Perhaps in thirty years, historia will demonstrate that he did the ve best he could under most difficult c cumstances: with the Church in d array, and the West cowering befo the Left. In any case, Paul will ce tainly remain indelible in my memo *Requiescat in Pace.*

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Books Arts & Manners

Dump the Lump

ROBERT D. NOVAK

It Sure Looks Different from the Inside
By Ron Nessen
Playboy Press, 367 pp., $12.95

e "notes of my observations" while serving as President Ford's press secretary, n Nessen informs us, were "tape-recorded at least once a week, often nightly, l transcribed later into almost 1,000 typewritten pages." This lode not only ovided enough gossip and trivia for the first 23 chapters of Nessen's kiss-and- memoir; a sufficient surplus remained for a 24th chapter of odd-lot revela- ns titled, "Gossip and Trivia."

Within this hodgepodge chapter of leavings, a single paragraph illuminates the al flaw of Gerald Ford's interim Presidency:

> Grand Prize for calling a spade a spade: to Gerald R. Ford for referring to Aleksndr Solzhenitsyn in a private meeting as "a goddam horse's ass." Ford complained hat the dissident Russian writer wanted to visit the White House primarily to publicize his books and drum up lecture dates.

ere go all those pious denials from President Ford of any intent to exclude : great Russian dissident from the White House. Apart from showing that aight-shooting Jerry Ford had as ich trouble sticking to the truth as ier Presidents of his generation, it ps confirm what many of us perved as the banal, value-free nature his Presidency. Unable to compreid Solzhenitsyn's tragic role in the rld conflict, Ford could relate to him ly in the terms of Capitol Hill cros grubbing for book royalties and ture fees.

It is for just such confirmation that : overpowering impulse not to read s book should be resisted. That imlse stems partly from an aversion reliving the bland Ford interregnum, d partly from Nessen's feat in surssing even his Nixonian predecessor, n Ziegler, in gaining the contempt the White House press corps. Nes-'s motives in writing this book were nted by pre-publication leaks of exrpts revealing Betty Ford as being traged when her husband flirted with male celebrities. Actually, this shlock dispensed with in three or four pages Chapter 4 ("Betty"), which can be nored with profit. And once the obligatory keyhole-peeping is over with, Nessen—however unwittingly—reveals why Gerald Ford very nearly lost his party's nomination and then was defeated by a Democratic opponent whose own campaign was grounded in confusion.

That NBC News correspondent Nessen ended up as Ford's press secretary is instructive. A non-Republican who had not voted since 1960 (when his choice was John F. Kennedy), he entered the White House as "a supporter of heavy government spending to cure every ill of society" (but adds, "I soon became a convert" to Republican economics). He grumbles that Ford's support for the CIA "had been formed in the 1950s, in the chilliest and most dangerous days of the cold war;" he had warned that he would quit if Ford made an 11th-hour effort to save Vietnam.

Why then did he enter this Republican Administration? "I was dissatisfied at NBC," Nessen explains, with the insouciance that is this book's redeeming feature. He clearly wanted a more exciting life than he had been accustomed to, as is revealed in this passage, apparently dead serious:

> Near the end of that long winter and spring of politics [in 1976], I wrote a note to myself: "The White House doesn't seem to be as much fun any more as it used to be."
>
> There was no time for the little perquisites of the job—like having drinks with Robert Redford when he visited the White House to research his role in *All the President's Men*, or chatting with Elizabeth Taylor in the White House mess. There was no time any more for an afternoon game of tennis on the White House court, the most exclusive court in town. The White House had become all work, pressure, and tension.

Deep appreciation of "the little perquisites" permeated the Ford White House, extending into the Oval Office itself. Nessen describes a constant struggle to either hide or inhibit the

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"A. S. Jefferson" *is the pseudonym of a U.S. Army officer on active duty who saw combat in Vietnam and has also served in the United States and Europe.* . . . **William Murchison** *is on the staff of the* Dallas Morning News. . . . **Robert D. Novak** *is, with Rowland Evans, a syndicated columnist.* . . . **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians.

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President's own clean-cut pleasure-seeking. When half the Cabinet was transplanted to Vail, Colorado in December of 1974, to facilitate Ford's annual skiing vacation, a debate over anti-recession strategy was cut short without reaching a decision; "I could see that the President was itchy to go skiing," Nessen relates. With Vietnam and a generation of American policy in East Asia collapsing the next spring, "Ford didn't want to delay his vacation in Palm Springs." Once there, presidential Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld "complained that he was unable to persuade the President to spend much time on the Vietnam speech . . . because of the enticement of golf and parties." The announcement that Ford played in the Jackie Gleason Golf Tournament in Florida because he was there anyway to attend a community leaders' conference was just a cover; "actually, the conference was arranged as an excuse for him to play in the tournament."

This pleasure-seeking was symptomatic of a larger ill: the lack of any public purpose short of a laudable desire to heal the nation's Watergate wounds. Ford named Nessen, a virtual stranger with no public philosophy, to his senior staff because he himself, after 28 years in Congress, had no public philosophy—certainly none in global terms. Ford could not appreciate Solzhenitsyn because, for all of his overt anti-Communist oratory, he lacked a clear vision of the world struggle. Neither Ford nor his aides saw anything amiss when he committed his horrendous blooper denying Soviet control of Poland; it would not have been corrected save for pressure from ethnic groups. The result was a free hand for Henry Kissinger, as when he covered up the discovery that the Soviet embassy in Washington was bugging White House communications; Kissinger warned that disclosure "could anger the Russians into puling back from detente and could give conservatives in Congress ammunition to campaign against detente," according to Nessen.

Gerald Ford was, therefore, easy prey for the cancerous growth of "strategic politics" that had consumed the Nixon Administration: basing governmental decisions on domestic political advantage, rather than principle. No decision, as described by Nessen, is taken without endless discussion of how it will play not only in Peoria but on the evening television news. As Nessen himself concedes, these other-directed speculations bear some resemblance to the Nixon tapes.

When the crew of the *Mayagüez* was released after a U.S. military operation, a distraught Nessen told the President, "That goddam [Joe] Laitin [a Pentagon spokesman] has already leaked the news." When a busload of children was kidnapped at Chowchilla, California, Ford's aides discussed the possibility of "an Entebbe-like raid" as "an opportunity for Ford to demonstrate leadership."

By selling the sizzle instead of the steak, the Ford White House lost touch with reality. The opening of Ford's general election campaign at the University of Michigan was an unrelieved disaster, the President droning on with tired government spending programs lifted from the musty files of the bureaucracy while insolent students jeered him. Talking to his staff back in Washington, the President declared: "I don't want any leaks saying anybody is unhappy with the way the speech went over. . . . [I am] very pleased and I don't want anybody telling report otherwise. If they do, I'm going to damned mad. Do you understand?"

Similarly, the Vladivostok sumi with Leonid Brezhnev early in For tenure was viewed then in terms public relations and is still view largely that way by Nessen, who tru pets the blood-curdling fact that "Fo acted as his own technical adviso The blunder of omitting cruise m siles and the Backfire bomber (r mentioned even now by Nessen) fr the tentative agreement resulted fr over-attention to gimmickry and und attention to substance.

The road from Vladivostok led to peated abdications of leadership in ill-conceived effort to protect the Pr ident's image. When faced with a de sion whether to prosecute journalists connection with leaks of classified m terial, the White House kept Ford o of the decision because "we wanted be able to say it was purely a leg decision by the Attorney General wi no political or public relations consi erations from the White House."

This preoccupation with image leads naturally to far greater conce over how the policy will be interpret

RANDOM NOTES

■ More October Titles: John Le Boutillier's *Harvard Hates America* (Gateway, $7.95) is a latter-day attempt to do for Harvard what William F. Buckley Jr., in *God and Man at Yale*, did for his *alma mater*. . . . *Almost Everyone's Guide to Economics* (Houghton Mifflin, $8.95) is a Q-and-A session between Professor John Kenneth Galbraith and Nicole Salinger, wife of Pierre. Mrs. Salinger pitches; Professor Galbraith, of course, is at the bat. . . . The University of Chicago recently denied tenure to sociologist Father Andrew Greeley, but John N. Kotre has thought him important enough to write a book about him: *The Best of Times, the Worst of Times: Andrew Greeley and American Catholicism* (Nelson-Hall, $11.95; paper, $6.95). . . . Jonathan Kozol, an ultra-radical critic of American education and author of *Death at an Early Age*, went to Cuba and studied the school system there during 1976-77. His observations are recorded in *Children of the Revolution: A Yankee Teacher in the Cuban Schools* (Delacorte, $9.95). . . . *The Last Romantic: A Life of Max Eastman* (Oxford, $14.95), by Will O'Neill, is well worth a look. . . . In *Illusion of Technique: Prospects Philosophy in a Technical Civiliza* (Anchor/Doubleday, $12.95), Will Barrett considers the conflict between modern desire for freedom and the positions of technology.

Taylor Caldwell has a new novel c ing out: *Bright Flows the River* (Dou day, $10.95). . . . Samuel W. Taylo descendant of the Mormon leader J Taylor, has an interesting book forthc ing called *The Rocky Mountain Emp The Latter-Day Saints Today* (Macmil $12.95). . . . *The Heart of the Ma* (Harcourt, Brace, $8.95) by Pierre T hard de Chardin is the final volume the author's collected works. . . . Wri Morris' *Earthly Delights, Unear Adornments: American Writers as Im Makers* (Harper, $10) contains chap on Crane, Gertrude Stein, Willa Cat Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Agee, and other

■ Department of Strange Bedf lows: *A Political Bestiary: Viable Al natives, Impressive Mandates, and Ot Fables* (McGraw-Hill, $7.95). Pix by MacNelly, text by James J. Kilpatr and . . . *Eugene J. McCarthy.*

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the mass media than how it will ually function—the sure conse- ence of "strategic politics" in the con Presidency preceding Ford and w, increasingly, in the Carter Presi- ncy following him. The tiresome cing with the press corps that Nes- feels constrained to describe is a mal but inevitable by-product.

Appropriately, Ford had difficulty h Secretary of Defense James Schles- ger and Secretary of the Treasury Wil- m Simon, men of quality who annoyed n with their doctrinal convictions. Of hlesinger's fight against Kissinger's litics of detente, Nessen says noth- g, explaining only that "Schlesinger s fired because he rubbed Ford the ong way." As for Simon's futile est for a balanced budget, Nessen's mment matches his chief's comment out Solzhenitsyn: Simon, in opposing e Ford anti-recession program, was ing "to shine up his conservative edentials before returning to Wall reet."

Save for the sacked Schlesinger and ssibly the alienated Simon, the Ford abinet and senior White House staff s passionately concerned with the tcome as November 2, 1976 ap- oached. "By the time we returned to ashington on Election Day," Nessen ites, "it seemed to me we had cut rselves off from all those who did t share our deep, personal hopes and ars for the counting of the ballots at night." But had Ford, Nessen, & o. given their fellow Americans any ason to share that deep commitment? escapably, it must be inferred from is book that the commitment by the siders was based less on a meaningful blic purpose than on saving those ittle perquisites" that could not be ared with the public.

Oblivious to ideology, Gerald Ford as stunned on election night. "He dn't understand why he'd been turned out of office," his former press secretary records sympathetically. "Those who saw the look on his face that day will never forget it." If Ford still cannot understand, he might well turn to pertinent passages of Ron Nessen's memoir for an unintended explanation of his fall. □

On Press
By Tom Wicker
Viking, 271 pp., $10.95

LISTENING TO MR. GOLDENTHROAT

WILLIAM MURCHISON

There is verily a problem with the press, Tom Wicker would assure us. Here in these post-Watergate days, days of triumph for the knights of the media, the most depressing kind of reality sinks in: the press lacks stomach enough for its role of adversary to the Establishment. The press is "usually timid and anxious—for respectability at least as much as for profitability."

Bartender! the vexed and aggrieved Middle American almost sings out. A round for everybody! So a modest streak still afflicts the press! There may be hope for us all.

Or then again there may not be. Mind, this is Wicker of the *New York Times* talking. What is timidity for Tom is rank temerity for others, less persuaded than he of the media's divine right to single out villains for tarring and feathering. The media have come far from the bad old days—as Wicker deems them—of objective journalism, when reporters were often mouthpieces for official or Establishment viewpoints. The press has found that it could take on Presidents—and win. It has shaken off the pervasive "myth" of national security secrets. Not bad; though not, for Wicker, good enough, when the imperatives of genuine "independence" remain unrecognized, unfulfilled.

The reader, I think, can close Wicker's book—it's an honest book and a forthright one, by the way—and remain adamantly unpersuaded of the case for a press answerable only to itself. In fact, as a practicing journalist, I would sleep better believing most readers *were* unpersuaded. However well-meaning, Wicker could not be more wrong-headed.

Wicker argues for a press fully able "to decide for itself what to publish and when to publish it." As for responsibility, "the true responsibility of the press must be to assert and defend that freedom." This will never do. But not because the nation has no need of a genuinely free press. One of the worst mistakes made by some of the new generation of media critics is to downplay the crucial importance of press freedom. A free and responsible press, not just a responsible press, is the great need, nor do even the likes of Daniel Schorr and Jack Anderson constitute living proof to the contrary.

The pity is that Wicker should wish to free the press of responsibility to everything but what he rather mistily calls "knowledge." Knowledge, indeed! Wicker knows that the press—even that exemplary journal which purveys all the news that's fit to print—cannot print everything. Ultimately, the press selects what the people are to know. Selects it on the basis of "newsworthiness," or "timeliness," or even—we pause for groans from the press gallery and the academy—ideological content. The knights of the press are our watchmen, yes. But who shall watch the watchmen themselves? Juvenal's question is an apt one, though one to make Wicker bristle: Watch the press? The press is too much watched as it is, by advertisers, government officials, and the like.

Even so, unwatched, the media become censors beyond whom there is scant if any appeal. They often prove honorable censors; on the other hand, as Dr. Johnson observes, "if power be in the hands of men, it will sometimes be abused."

AT TIMES, Wicker's esteem for the press's judgment is breathtaking. No matter, he would have it, that 246 members of Congress voted to suppress the Pike Committee's report on CIA activities. The "uninvolved reporter," Daniel Schorr, who funneled the report to the *Village Voice* was "a better judge" of what the people needed to know. Moreover, there "are probably relatively few secrets truly vital to national security." This being so (the basis for that grand and sweeping judg-

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ment we never learn), the press at large is perfectly well qualified to make the same kind of decision Schorr made. Wicker can't quite bring himself to say there are no secrets whatever that are worth keeping, but he comes perilously close to such an assertion.

AND WHAT of the press's philosophical convictions, such as they are? We hear from Wicker little of Left and Right, but much of Establishment and non- or anti-Establishment. Objective journalism—as practiced by Wicker himself, until the headiness of writing a column liberated him—"almost always favors Establishment positions and exists not least to avoid offense to them."

I am afraid this finesses the question of convictions. The media's prevailing convictions, all the same, are reasonably clear. Heaven knows, they ought to be—they have been talked of often enough. A decade ago, Wicker's quondam boss, the great Arthur Krock, spoke censoriously in his memoirs of "the dominantly leftist press here and abroad." Thirty years earlier, Leo Rosten, in a study of the Washington press corps, had found the bulk of reporters antagonistic toward big business, discontented with the status quo, apathetic toward religion. The *Times*' former managing editor Turner Catledge, under whom Wicker served, could write in his autobiography: "Nor have I, in the years since the New Deal, disagreed with the basic political philosophy of the Democratic Party." It was Catledge's conviction, even so, that a reporter should merely report, not "be a preacher or an advocate." Wicker, for his part, would loose on us a whole horde of goldenthroats and typewriter thumpers, licensed to preach doctrines opposed by much of the country.

If he could, that is. The happy fact is that the constraints at which Wicker chafes—advertisers, legal qualms, the love of respectability—are unlikely to give way very soon. Which is fortunate if only because what to do about the press is one of history's great insoluble dilemmas. Dr. Johnson explains: "If nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, power must always be the standard of truth; if every dreamer of innovations may propagate his projects, there can be no settlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuse discontent, there can be no peace; and if every skeptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion."

This is putting things in the eighteenth century mode, to be sure; but the general principle holds. Too much supervision is tyranny; too much license is anarchy. A press populated by the White House's, or the gubernatorial mansion's, kept men would be a press unworthy of the name. A press, on the other hand, full of earnest Tom Wickers, sworn to the pursuit of "knowledge," would be riding hellbent for a fall, a fate that even its customers would probably give much to hasten. □

Crisis in Command
By Richard A. Gabriel and Paul L. Savage
Hill and Wang, 242 pp., $10

THE MANAGERIAL DEVOLUTION

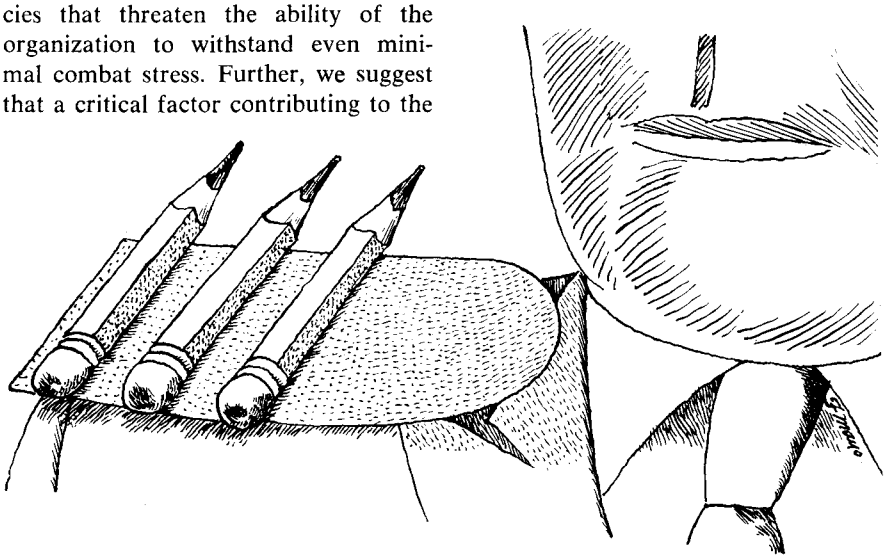
A. S. JEFFERSON

Criticism of the Army is not uncommon. But Lieutenant Colonel Paul L. Savage (U.S. Army, Retired) and Major Richard A. Gabriel (U.S. Army Reserve) have written the most damning indictment of the United States Army officer corps—the corps in which I have spent most of my adult life—that I have ever read, or heard, or been told about. "It is our contention," the authors write in their preface, "that within the Army today there are . . . severe behavioral and ethical tendencies that threaten the ability of the organization to withstand even minimal combat stress. Further, we suggest that a critical factor contributing to the condition of the Army is the state the officer corps."

And almost everything they say true.

The seeds of the crisis were plan during World War II. Army Chief Staff General George C. Marshall v faced with the unprecedented task "pulling together the multiple and verse centers of economic and soc power" needed to fight a truly glo war. He turned to the only success model available: big business, with systems analysis, personnel mana ment, decision models. Hot on t heels of the entrepreneurial meth came entrepreneurial ethics. The a thors contend that these standards ha completely replaced the traditio communal code of the officer cor and have rent the very soul of t Army. A climax of sorts was reach when "General William C. Westmo land, the former Commander of t U.S. Forces in Vietnam and later Ch of Staff of the Army, . . . ordered empirical study to be conducted by t Army War College into the state professionalism and leadership in t officer corps. When the study was co pleted in 1970, the results were devastating to the image of the offic corps that Westmoreland initially 'c dered the study classified and limit its circulation to general officers."

Nobody "pushes troops" any mo what we do is "manage assets." B men cannot, the authors maintain, managed to their deaths. They must led, and led by officers who demo strate by their daily conduct in a out of combat that the inconvenienc the hardship, the agony, and the ri



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death are as much their own as
e private soldier's; led by men who
ollow the dictum of the British NCO
io, when asked where his officers
re, replied, 'When it comes time to
, they'll be with us.' "

Our officers in Vietnam usually led
mbat troops for six months, then ro-
ed into "bomb-proof" staff jobs for
e next six months, while the troops
emselves often spent their entire year
the bush. Unit cohesion became im-
ssible to maintain, and the problem
as compounded by the individual re-
acement system, which guaranteed a
nstant fresh supply of green incom-
tents. Unit loyalty, even individual
yalties, took a back seat to obsession
ith DEROS—Date Estimated Return
verseas. The war ended when you
ft, your inflated "award package"
nder your arm; and all your experi-
ice and jungle savvy got on the plane
ith you. The U.S. wasn't in Vietnam
r ten years; she was there for one
ar, ten times.

T WAS NOT a system created entirely
the Army. Political faintheartedness
ndered our civilian leaders unwilling
commit men and units "for the dura-
on." But it was a system made to or-
er for the careerist orientation which
ad begun to prevail in the Army by
ie time we became involved in Viet-
am, which was nurtured into unchal-
nged predominance there, and which
igns unchecked today.

Every generalization the authors
ake about the moral paralysis caused
y modern individualism, self-aggran-
izing careerism, greed, and outright
owardice can be contradicted by true
nd inspiring accounts of personal
ravery and dedication, of officers and
nlisted men who refused awards they
new they had not earned, of selfless
eroism unto death. There are many
ich true stories, but they cannot alter
ie larger truth—"a lesson too hard for
ie heart to learn"—that many if not
ost of the officer corps of today's
rmy might just as well be working
r Sears Roebuck as for the land of
ie free.

Gabriel and Savage are not, of
ourse, immune from error. So ob-
essed are they with their theory that
ey insist on blaming our loss in Viet-
am on the Army and its officer corps.
his is demonstrably nonsense. What *is* true is that we could have won, and won cheaply and quickly, *if* the political will had been there, *and* if the Army could have adapted to the mission. Whether or not it was capable of adapting, we'll never know. Gabriel and Savage also rely to a troubling extent on clever but tendentious works like FitzGerald's *Fire in the Lake*. On the whole, though, *Crisis in Command* is exhaustively researched, profusely indexed, and amply supplemented with understandable charts and graphs.

The authors' analysis of all this information is brilliant, and unforgiving. They provide convincing rejoinders to the current crop of excuses (drug abuse, race problems, the low quality of recruits, the permissive society) that are put forth by those in charge of the Army to justify its past performance and current state of readiness. And the last part of the book is a stirring call for reform, for a return to the "gladiatorial" ethic, to Duty, Honor, Country, with a hard but perhaps workable plan for putting the reform into practice.

The "managerial" ethic of today's Army is an ethic of accommodation: of "Go along and get along," "It all counts for twenty," and "You can't tell the old man that." But there are still voices which cry out to one's sense of honor, voices like those of Billy Mitchell, Douglas MacArthur, and—more recently—John Singlaub. The real issues, the hard choices, are still there: clearer to some than to others. □

The Revisionists Revised: A Critique of the Radical Attack on the Schools
By Diane Ravitch
Basic Books, 173 pp., $8.95

THE ADJUNCT ASSISTANT'S CRITIQUE

MITCHELL S. ROSS

The odds against a professor of education—full professor, associate professor, assistant professor, or, as in the case of Diane Ravitch, adjunct assistant professor—writing well must be something like one thousand to one, and Miss Ravitch does not beat them. She detects in another writer an unwillingness to "randomize" inequality, and her idea of an applause line is horribly familiar to anyone who has survived the draughty readings of congressional candidates. "No reasonable person," she writes without a smile, "can fail to acknowledge the inequities of past and present and the human devastation caused by prejudice and discrimination."

IT IS BETTER to say this first, because otherwise the Ravitch exercise is a worthy one. Already the Adjunct Assistant Professor has started her academic rivals howling; one of them sweated freely and nearly beat down doors as she told the *New York Times* that Miss Ravitch ought to be ignored because she was not, as Adjunct Assistant Professor, a true scholar at all, but only a worm or "a journalist."

What is it that Miss Ravitch dared say? Only that among the fraternities and sororities of educational theorists there are a number of jackasses who have written books that have been taken seriously. Their sins are of the leftist variety, and they see a repressive class structure bolstering our schools and blinding us to the racist, sexist, capitalist nature of American society. They take this view despite strong evidence to the contrary, and often appear unscrupulous in their scholarship. Miss Ravitch calls the roll, recites the book titles, and shakes her finger at them in the best schoolmarmish manner.

These trolls of the subterranean world of educational theory and historiography bear names which are surely unknown even to the majority of Board of Education chairmen, and so, in the interest of helping every man to know his enemy, I list a few of them here. First, there is Professor Michael Katz, whose meditations on educational bureaucracies prompted this thought on bureaucracies in general: "Modern bureaucracy is a bourgeois invention: it represents a crystallization of bourgeois social attitudes." While Stalin's ghost releases a primal scream, we pass on to Professor Clarence Karier, who believes that Professor John Dewey's concern for the conditions of Polish-Americans in 1918 derived mainly from his desire to manipulate the Poles "so that we would not lose our cheap im-

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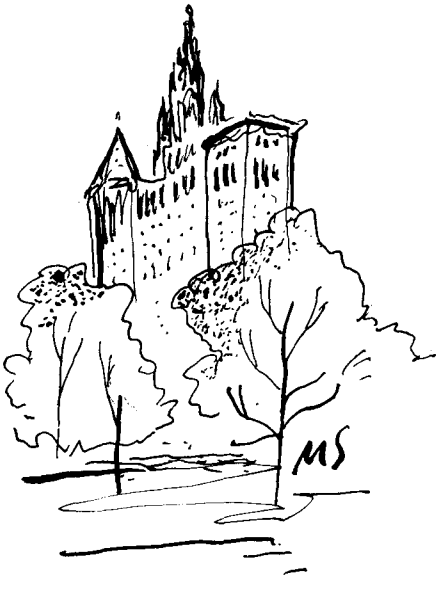
migrant labor supply after the war." Perhaps the most intriguing character of all is Professor Paul Violas, who would surely have been invented by the late American satirist, Mark Epernay, had he not actually lived. Professor Violas' special target is Jane Addams, whose endorsement of baseball-playing, parades, and outdoor band concerts portended the advance of totalitarianism: "This echo of enormous crowds of cheering men, martial music, parades, . . . the expression of emotion through symbols, and the fusion of individual voices into a collective expression of solidarity reverberates through the charred corridors of the twentieth century with deafening resonance."

All that I have quoted is from the penultimate chapter of the book, "A Critique of Radical Education," which runs 57 pages. The other two-thirds of the book can be safely skimmed. They argue, in too many words, that public education in the United States has been fairly decent, when all the problems are considered. This amounts to little more than dull stuffing for a tough turkey. And what about the "Critique of Radical Education"? It might prove handy to have around, but my hunch is that, like most educational writing, it will matter little to anyone except the wardens and prisoners inside the Schools of Education. I have never met a working schoolteacher who did not denounce his required hours in those Schools as almost useless to his preparation for the teacher's art, and who did not regard his Professors of Education as animals of a low order; and so I would not counsel alarm. If a few Professors of Education happen to be Marxists, so much the worse, but this is only slightly more terrible than if the janitor subscribes to Swedenborg. □



TELEVISION

FLY ME

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

When I was just hitting puberty, or vice versa, I ran across a cartoon that still makes me smile. A man and his little boy were sitting in the den; they had just had The Talk; and the boy, looking troubled, was saying, "I like the stork idea better."

So did I, come to think of it. Once you take to the other idea for a while it can be pretty hard to remember how unappetizing the idea of sex is to a childish mind, and, particularly, how grotesque is the application of that idea to your two (apparently normal) parents. Sir Thomas Browne, sanest and sweetest of men, made a famous complaint: "I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trivial and vulgar way of coition: it is the foolishest act a wise man commits in all his life." You can say that again.

The Brown baby (no kin to Browne, I presume) is the latest reminder that we have devised ways of perpetuating the world without coition. Nowadays, of course, the more popular route is to find ways of coition without perpetuating the world. Sex has been altered, so to speak: from procreation to recreation. I can't help thinking that birth control, as all the reactionaries predicted, has mechanized sex and cheapened people. Not in every case, by any means; but overall. I won't argue or labor the point here, but I like to think Sir Thomas, who went on to beget 12 children, however he might rail in whimsy, had a hearty appreciation of conjugal love, wise or foolish.

There is something refreshing about his frank sense of the ludicrous, in an age when we are to simper optimis ally about the Joy of Sex, even wh we are required to admit the rig of *Hustler* and abortion. If coition silly, what would Browne say of b gery? This thought crossed my mi after watching another NBC do drama, *Sergeant Matlovich* v. *the U Air Force*, concerning the notoric case of the young man who was c charged for his (avowed) homosexu ity.

In keeping with the pieties of liber ism, *Matlovich* treated sex as simply pleasant form of friction, about whi it is implicitly improper to raise mor aesthetic, and especially teleologi questions. Actually this is not stric true. Matlovich, played with bulgir eyed intensity by Brad Dourif (w was the stuttering young suicide in *O Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*), shown as a deeply sensitive lad, full revulsion at the cynical wenching his fellow soldiers. "I just don't r around the way you do, Jason," he te a bar-hopping hetero pal. "I have *feel* something for the person." Mea while, unable to face up to his own i clinations, much less admit them others, he seeks counseling from Catholic priest, who senses the proble but delicately waits for Matlovich hir self to express it.

CURIOUSLY, there is no hint that t Catholic Church totally disapproves sex outside marriage. When Matlovic mother urges him to go to church pray and seek God's help, he retor "Maybe with God's help I'll final have the strength to be who I am a what I am." When he tells the priest found homosexuals "disgusting," t the priest replies, "But we are all God creatures, each with his own frailties Matlovich still holds off admitting t truth. "All right, my son. When you a ready, you will tell me." But befo Matlovich can tell him, the priest die He tells his pal Jason instead, inspirir such horror that Matlovich attemp suicide—only to be prevented by Jaso who has a change of heart. It is one two really moving moments in the film the other being a scene of reconcili tion with his father, a career officer.

For the most part, unfortunatel Matlovich is shown as a sort of la ender Luther, taking his stand becaus he can do no other. "I've got to be m

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," he keeps intoning. He decides to ne out of the closet and challenge Force regulations. The script com- es this case to *Brown* v. *Board of ucation*, and, Matlovich being a race ıtions instructor—"one of the best," are copiously assured—facile analo- s to the civil rights movement pop every minute or so. His (female) yer tries to build his case on con- utional grounds—she cites four or different Amendments—so that we the impression that he is backed by d, the Founding Fathers, the shade Martin Luther King, and all Sensi- e Persons, and opposed only by a row military bureaucracy. When the r Force wins, it seems like an upset. Matlovich's homosexual activities are ated with strange reticence. We never any of his lovers; late in the film we him bravely entering a gay bar, ıere he strikes up a conversation that unds like a group therapy ssion with two other pa- ons. We hear testimony that frequents such establish- ents, and he tells the court intends to go on commit- ıg homosexual acts; but ter all his disgust at aight lechery, his con- ıtment with a life of cas- l liaisons surprises—and sgusts doubly. We have en given to understand at he is a man of in- grity and constancy, only to learn at he is apparently a routine swinger. The point is that this is okay—not r Jason and the broads, but for Ser- ant Matlovich, whose sensitivity cre- ntials are in order. He has what M. Cuddihy calls "accredited victim ıtus." If the point had been that he as merely no worse, in his way, than any others and ought to have been ft alone, a good case could have been ade. But the film assumes a priggish periority to the straight world, and mands not humane tolerance but oral *deference* to the likes of Mat- vich.

So it is reasonable to be curious out whom he swings *with*. Reticence art is a fine thing—we would gain thing by seeing Romeo unhooking liet's bra—but *Matlovich* does not en (so to speak) introduce us to liet. As a result, the viewer is left wonder just what it is in Matlovich's lifestyle that warrants our approval. The show gives us, in its deck-stacking way, heterosexuality at its worst, but it does not even dare to offer homosexuality at its best. Maybe its creators figured that would just make us nostalgic for the stork idea. □

FILM

IT'S NO JOKE!

JOHN SIMON

Woody Allen has made his first serious film, *Interiors*, and its condition is worse than serious, it's grave to the point of disaster. Whether it makes you bite your lips in rage or roll over with helpless laughter, you will concede that there is not one real original character in it; that almost every line of dialogue is, at best, hackneyed, at worst, ludicrously stilted; and that virtually every shot is derived from some other filmmaker, usually Bergman or Antonioni. In fact, most of the film is taken over from Bergman in a misunderstood and mismanaged way, particularly from *Cries and Whispers*—one of Bergman's poorest films, but we can hardly expect anyone tasteless and foolish enough to make *Interiors* to know what to copy.

When Allen made his last drearily inept film, *Annie Hall*, not only was he hailed with unprecedented critical hosannas, but Vincent Canby of the *New York Times* even went so far as to declare him our Ingmar Bergman. And Allen, who, as we know from *Love and Death*, has a Bergman complex, was fool enough to believe Canby. Right from the titles of *Interiors*—simple white on black, and, as in the rest of the film, no music—we know we are in Bergman country.

The first few shots are empty interiors of a tastefully antiseptic beach house, all muted colors: grey, beige, fawn, taupe. Later in the movie, black, white, and steel blue will occasionally be added. And so it remains, with one hammy exception, throughout. After these dead interiors (out of *Persona* and *Face to Face*, as well as Antonioni's *Eclipse*), we see a character, Joey (Marybeth Hurt), appear first as a reflection in mirrors or the glass over a picture. Presently, she stares out of the window at a bleak seascape. Next, we see her sister, Renata, pressing anguished fingers against another windowpane giving on autumnal trees. Her face (Diane Keaton's living cliché of a countenance) agonizes, and the fingers are in near-paroxysm; already unearned effects usurp the place of character in action. Forthwith, it is the turn of the women's father, Arthur (E. G. Marshall), to stare out at a New York cityscape through the plate glass of his skyscraper office and rehearse banalities about their family past. Even if the words were not dismal ("Looking back, of course, it was rigid . . ."), the schematic cutting among these three anxious window-dwellers is the height of obviousness.

The film purports to record a brief but agitated period in the lives of a WASP family, who, even with no last names, are supposed to exude gentileness. Arthur, a successful and rich lawyer, is insensitive (possible) and totally obtuse (unlikely); he was put through law school by his whiney and fluttery wife, Eve, an interior decorator who is in and out of suicide attempts and sanatoriums; she speaks and behaves in an *outré* way throughout, but this is probably only Geraldine Page's old and by now threadbare Method acting.

THE ELDEST daughter, Renata, is a successful poetess published in *The New Yorker*, but is now, as she reveals in a monologue to an invisible analyst (monologues to unseen interlocutors are another Bergman device), unable to write: "My impotence set in a year ago, my paralysis." Later she adds, "What am I striving to create anyway? To what purpose, to what end, to what goal?" Is this a poetess or a master tautologist? Why would *The New Yorker* print anything by someone who says: "I can't shake the real implication of dying—the intimacy of it embarrasses me"? In a small college magazine, in a bad month, perhaps . . .

The second daughter is Flyn (Kristin Griffith), a movie and TV actress who is passed by when "classy roles" are given out, and who sniffs cocaine. She does not look or sound at all like either

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of her sisters and clearly doesn't interest Allen much. The youngest is Joey (a name that comes, after Renata and Flyn, as a bit of an anticlimax), who is very bright but ungifted: "Poor Joey, she has all the anguish and anxiety of the artistic personality but none of the talent . . ." (From that redundancy, you know who is speaking.) Joey, who has been an editor and is now a copywriter, is no mean hand at pleonasm herself. "At the center of a sick psyche," she tells her mother, "there is a sick spirit," which helps drive Eve to her ultimate suicide. Joey is terribly earnest and says things like: "I feel a real need to express something, but I don't know what to express and how to express it." Why this should stop her—given the precedent of Woody Allen—I cannot say.

RENATA is married to Frederick (Richard Jordan), a novelist who exclaims, "I don't know whether I lost it or never had it," and consoles himself with drink and writing exceedingly nasty book reviews, often of novels by his friends: "I was extremely cruel about it, and I took great pleasure in my cruelty." When not writing, he teaches at Barnard—Phys. Ed., one hopes.

Joey lives with Mike (Sam Waterston), a political activist of some kind, though nothing is shown us of his activities. This is not surprising, because throughout the film Allen is incapable of showing anything. Everything is *told*, by one character about another, or by a character about him or herself, in endless, utterly inept palaver: "One day an enormous abyss opened up beneath our feet," or "[I don't want to] be swallowed up in some anonymous lifestyle." Or, herewith, the poetess *in extremis*: "It was as if I had a clear vision where everything seems awful and kind of predatory . . . I felt precarious. It was like I was a machine, but I could conk out at any minute." On and on, they verbalize in language that one would think was persiflage if Allen himself had not announced repeatedly that he was dead serious in the film.

The camera work is just as derivative. There are the large surfaces of white walls in front of which characters suffer and recriminate—out of Antonioni. There is a staircase whose banister seems to imprison Frederick—an angle shot through the railing, shamelessly out of Bergman's *Shame*. There are three fighting and reconciling sisters right out of *Cries and Whispers*. A family narrative with flashbacks of the sisters when they were children is even more flagrantly out of that film, as is Joey writing in her diary with insets of the past (close enough to be labeled plagiarism). A cutting-away from Eve's drowning (a scene rather out of Altman's *The Long Good-bye*) to the other people in the cottage sleeping in their respective beds strongly suggests Fellini's *I Vitelloni*. The funeral, at which all the principals pop before the stationary camera with the identical single white rose in their hands but carefully differentiated facial expressions, is a cinematic cliché seen most recently in Truffaut's *The Man Who Loved Women*. There are all those shots in front of mirrors or windows that are acutely Bergmanian, as are the lacerating quarrels between lovers or spouses. Except that these, in Bergman, are passionate and insidiously subtle, and inflict palpable psychic wounds. In Allen they are all posturing: shoddy verbiage and no real passion.

AND THE vulgarity of it! When the father introduces Pearl (Maureen Stapleton), his new wife-to-be, to the family, there she is in sudden bright red in the midst of all those earth tones, and henceforth she will always wear red or loud prints. She is, by various obvious implications, Jewish; but is she meant to be an infusion of real life into this bloodless WASP milieu, or is she to be viewed as a ridiculous vulgarian? During a dinner-table discussion of a Broadway play about the Algerian war that is meant to bring out how the characters' minds work, everyone spouts clichés or banalities. Thus our poetess observes, "If you've read Schopenhauer, Socrates, Buddha, even Ecclesiastes, they all say it very convincingly," on which Pearl comments, impressed, "They should know!" What is one to make of this scene (and indeed the movie)? Are we to laugh at WASP pretentiousness—Socrates and Buddha, after all, wrote nothing—or are we to chuckle at Pearl's Miami Beach ignorance? Or are both equally ridiculous? But Allen insists there is no joke in the movie; are we, then, to take both positions seriously? Joey says about the play: "The writer argued both sides so brilliantly you didn't know whose s he was on." I submit that it is equ possible to argue both sides so ine that the only side the writer can assigned to is that of his own meg mania and incompetence. *(To be c tinued next issue.)*

The GIMLET EYE

GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS

D. KEITH MANO

"What's your name?"

"Keith."

"Keith what? Just the initial."

"Keith M."

"Okay. We're gonna help. But fi —is anyone out to get you, Keit Does anyone wanta hurt you? K you?"

"Who? Loan sharks, you mean?"

"Yeah. The Shys. Shylocks. Are y into anyone real heavy?"

"No. Not yet."

"But you can't live without the tion. Right?"

"Right. That's right. I can't."

Action. Pure, naked movement: existential instant. Bounced dice: rou to my eye at first; then squaring c then square, still: boxcars. The ru from gate to seven-furlong pole: m tion engrossing as a cobra sway. Gam of chance and courtship dances eli the same fishmouth stupidity. And ca won at hazard has more value: it c suggest god-favor, validation. T gambler hangs out in a world of supe meaning, where cranky Fates show a tell. Time was when Keith M. let h wound-tight head unreel there: at seven stud poker table. The money, n rent money, didn't matter: it was t black/red circling, shuffling *play*, word resonant of childhood and th fine age when choice, when success failure, was denominated by other than-me. "I had ten grand in m pocket," Roger B. will testify, "b anyone would've thought I'd lost m shirt. The ninth race was over, se There wouldn't be any action unt Monday. And somewhere between th first race and the ninth my daught

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l gone from being a baby to being een years old. And I hadn't no-:d it." No race left: no way to focate the reasoning mind: to press humb against its windpipe. Lay five ıdred on grandma crossing Northern ulevard before WALK is DON'T WALK: l grandma wonderfully distracts the ıin. Where your two-buck exacta is, re will your heart be also.

The GA handbook asks, "Is knowing y we gambled important?" Uh-uh. ıt really. You could sack out on ne expensive couch for ten years, cover you gambled because Mom d 6 to 1 you'd be a girl—and just ıere would that leave anybody? What A does—what AA, OA do (I've been Anonymous groupie)—is form small nspiratorial cells. Structure and tone rive more from Lenin or catacomb ıristianity than from Freud or Jung.

Confession. (I am a compulsive ereater/alcoholic/gambler and always ll be.) 2) Communion. (Meeting, ephone list: criticism and support ɔm your peers in degradation.) 3) ay-by-day, modest progress. 4) Faith a transcendent (and non-sectarian) ıwer.

This Anonymous discipline, I'll ıger (give me 6½ points), is the ost effective contribution to practical hics ever hit upon by men. Anonym-, understand, can do more than give ver: it will suggest a secret fellow-ip: and the special morale that such eemasonries have. Subtly, sin can flip er: a sort of reverse pride instead: e more heinous your corruption, e more splendid your triumph over

In each confession or "therapy" one nses a try-to-top-this enthusiasm. I'm aiting for LA—Liberals Anonymous -where ex-leftists can phone other ex-ftists whenever they're tempted to arch in support of Julius and Ethel osenberg.

Crack: the chair fidgets with me. eith M. has trespassed here: it's like atching, in drag, while members of e other sex strip down. Ten men and ıe woman: each confession is harrow-g: a malarial dream of exitless rooms; speeded-up film; of trapdoors sprung, ee-fall, underfoot. "I hit all my iends. Then the banks, then the loan ɔmpanies—then the Shys. And when won big, I didn't pay them off. I eeded that money to play. Finally I ole. I did time: and I lost my wife and children." "I gave rubber checks to a mob loan shark. Who does that? Only someone who wants to be killed, and I guess I did. I wanted to be put out of my misery." "I came home once with eight hundred dollars in my pocket. And I saw my kids had nothing for dinner. But I wouldn't even give my wife a twenty. I needed it for the track next day." Action is an amphetamine state: the body clock can't catch up—catch down—with normal 24-hour days. Coming off that kind of high would burn a mind to crust.

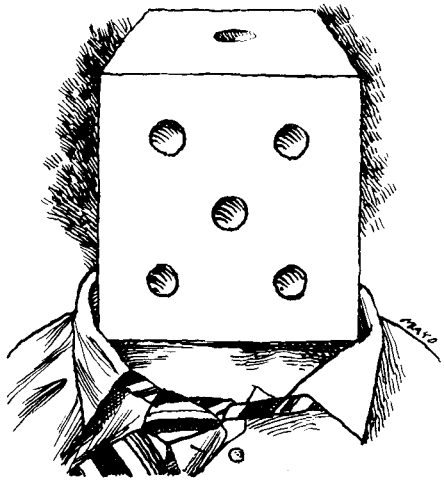
"Keith." (Who, me?) "Would you please read pages 15 and 16 aloud."

Now I've done it. Fourteen, 15 . . . "TWENTY QUESTIONS. Most compulsive gamblers will answer yes to at least seven of these questions."

"Ah, well . . ."

"Just answer yes or no."

I'm throat-tight. Sure, I'll lie to get a decent column, but not *elaborately*. Point of honor there: and this looks to be very elaborate indeed. I'm not a compulsive gambler: might have been once, but I blew the opportunity. And then a solution drops in: substitute "write" for "gamble." What else is eight years spent on one novel? Or June/July shot on one article that some editor, who should be screwing lug nuts off at Acme Texaco, might reject? A gamble. My writing is sick, compulsive (I even roll dice after each paragraph): to draw against three aces is no less a gamble and more fun. "Does gambling [writing] make you careless of the welfare of your family?" Yes. "Does gambling [writing] cause you to have difficulty sleeping?" Yes. "Did you ever borrow to finance your gambling [writing]?" Yes.



"Keith. You had 18 yesses. You're compulsive."

Right. For that matter staying alive is compulsive. But most of us have an advantage over gamblers: we aren't beckoned to corruption by the state. GET A HORSE AT OTB TODAY (and in surgeon-general-small print, "Bet with your head, not over it"). Or: A LOTTERY TICKET SUPPORTS EDUCATION. Or: SEE BEAUTIFUL BELMONT and $30 DAY EXCURSION TOURS TO ATLANTIC CITY. The nation is a three-thousand-mile-wide casino now. To pay for absurd governmental waste, certain citizens, and their children, have been written off in advance. Just stats: triage. And coming next:

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Watch for it. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SEEDS OF MAN, *by Woody Guthrie (Dutton, 401 pp., $11.95).* This book is like a beehive: there's honey inside, but getting to it is painful. The pain here comes in trying to slosh through the hundred thousand or so words of dialect spelling, and in separating the resolute exuberance and dollops of trendy populism from whatever remains to make something resembling a story. Consider these two paragraphs. 1) "A bear'll kill ary creetur cain't outrun him. Why, on the prairie one year, a bear killed my bull, was nigh as big as he was. Hit made him a meal for a week. He come back to it 'til there wasn't nothin' left o' the bull but the beller, and that was gone, too." 2) "Papa, 'bout all I can say is that you can call me your poor ramblin' son, if you're a mind to call me somethin'. I'd jest a dozen times ruther be the ramblin'est ramblin' son in Oklahoma an' Texis than to ever take on a job of packin' two big thumb-busters around, an' a set o' brass knucks big enough to knock a dray horse down with." The first paragraph is from Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' *The Yearling*, which won and surely deserved the Pulitzer Prize for 1939: the dialogue sits tidily in the story and seems anything but an affectation. The second paragraph glares out at the reader from page 43 of *Seeds of Man*, the book Woody Guthrie wrote in 1947-48, which was found in his papers when he died and has only now been published. The lingo gets worse, much

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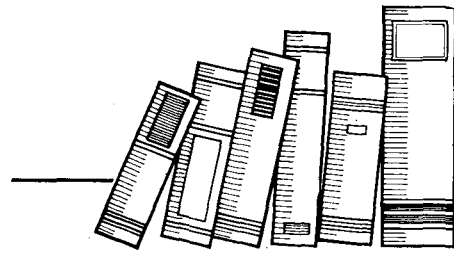
worse. The narrative, at least, passes for English; the direct speech ties the eye down for one of the longest, most agonizing journeys along a would-be spirited adventure tale in my reading memory. Seems like this young 'un Woody an' his papa an' ol' Eddie an' cousin Jeff done gone off on a ride down plum near t' the Rio Grande, ta hunt up some sort o' gold mine, whoopie, 'at mehbe one o' Woody's gran'pappies oncet foun' and they's a' set ta find a fo'tune, an' whoooo-eee! they had 'emsels' one hell o' a time with a' them purty lil lassies, why hell's bells they do talk crazy. an' nobody knows what th' holy blazes it is they're a-tryin' ta make ya unnerstan' but the Messkins sho' do talk funny 'bout *Luisa anda my seester* . . . but I can tell you that if you happen to want to retain a vestige of respect for the writing talents of the composer of "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You," "Reuben James," "This Train Is Bound for Glory," and a wealth of genuine classic American folk songs, do yourself *and* Woody's memory a favor: let *Seeds of Man* go on the remaindered list and disappear somewhere back into this land which is your land and my land—and Woody's land, the beloved, misunderstood land of that sweet, muddle-headed, dear dead man whose written recollection of his boyhood ramblin' ought never to have been published. DAVID BRUDNOY

ON THE PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN AMERICA, *by James Hitchcock (National Committee of Catholic Laymen, 46 pp., $2).* Both a *samizdat* publication of the underground, believing church, and an overdue counterweight to Father Greeley's *The American Catholic* (1977), Professor Hitchcock's slim tract for our times takes both its title and its thrust from Newman's 1850 lectures. Unlike Newman, the author forbears spearing some tempting targets of opportunity: he does not mention what John Kennedy and Al Smith had in common (both proved that a Catholic could not be elected President), nor does he allude to the enormous boon conferred on the Church by Eugene McCarthy and Edmund (Jerry) Brown Jr. in forgoing Holy Orders and thereby denying us the spectacle of the kinds of priests *they* would have made. In presenting the story of some distressing aspects of contemporary American Catholicism, Professor Hitchcock, by that very action, indicates that there is still fire in the embers. His book is a dual-purpose work; it can serve both as the coda to his *Decline and Fall of Radical Catholicism* and as a prolegomenon to its follow-up, which might appropriately be called *Wanted: A New Counter-Reformation* or, better yet, *The Laity and Vatican III: Hell No, We Won't Go.*

GERALD T. DUNNE



Dark Horses

WHAT IS HAPPENING to our money? If you have been depending on financial-section updates concerning the balance of payments, Eurodollars, and the like for answers to that question, you are probably as confused as I am.

The problem can be corrected, however, by resort to Henry Hazlitt's *The Inflation Crisis, and How to Resolve It* (Arlington House, $8.95). Mr. Hazlitt, in my opinion, has long been an underappreciated national asset. He is, quite simply, the best writer on economic subjects that we have going, and has been that for better than four decades. This marvelous book about inflation and what it does to our economy is a choice example of his talent.

With his usual precision, Hazlitt dismantles the leading fallacies about inflation and the dollar crisis. The problem, he shows, is not created by Arab oil sheiks, wage-price spirals, or oscillations in the business cycle. Inflation is "caused by"—inflation *is*—expansion of the supply of money and credit. And while private and quasi-private institutions do become entangled in this procedure, expansion of the money supply is ultimately the responsibility of the government.

Hazlitt shows how price increases have historically followed in the wake of monetary expansion—not in crude mechanical fashion, but in fairly direct, dependable ratios. He shows how deficit financing, the demands of unions, and the political appeal of low interest rates have combined to advance expansionist policies, and how the psychology of inflationary expectations can speed the process in its later phases. Among the errors that Hazlitt demolishes along the way are the notions that budget deficits combat unemployment, that there is a trade-off between inflation and joblessness ("the Phillips curve"), and that inflation can bring about a proper utilization of "unused capacity."

Coming at the problem from what is essentially a monetarist perspective is Lindley H. Clark Jr.'s *The Secret* (Dow Jones Books, $3.95). Clark is editorial writer for the *Wall St Journal*, and the book displays qualities that distinguish that pap economic commentary: a sophistica understanding of the market, empha on matters of specific concern to business community, much useful formation, and a tone of extreme r sonableness. The combination mal for easy, and instructive, reading.

While noting that there are alter tive theories on the subject, Cl makes it plain that high prices caused by monetary expansion, not t other way around, and that blame what is happening to the dollar m thus be laid at the doorstep of t Federal Reserve. Most of the book devoted to tracing the adverse effe of inflation on savings and investme business accounting and other for of economic calculation, and the r incomes of workers and retirees. Cla shows that controls and related n trums intended to contain inflati don't do the job, and that the only w to solve the problem is to get t money-creating machinery of the F under restraint.

HAZLITT AND CLARK both make clear, in sum, that the decline of t dollar is the doing not of OPEC or t gnomes of Zurich, but of our ov American Government. For furth discussion of the issue, the reader m also wish to consult the closing cha ters of Martin Mayer's *The Banke* which enjoyed extensive sales as a har cover volume and is available in pap back from Ballantine Books ($2.25 Mayer explains the manner in whi the Fed deploys its strategies throu the banking system, including mani ulation of the interest rate, the work the Open Market Committee, and t like. While his discussion is heterod in terms of economic theory, it pr vides a useful angle of vision on t technical means by which inflation committed. —M. STANTON EVA

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[Michael J.] SOBRAN [Jr.]:

Religion and Irreligion.

I too worry about the imposition of a narrow religion. But I worry equally—no, under the circumstances, I worry much more—about the imposition of a narrow irreligion. Why should we always turn to the doctrinaire atheist as the final arbiter of our public morals? (Title Supplied)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Instructing Senator Kennedy

On The Right

New York, Sept. 6—It is not the intention of anyone who seeks also to be a practicing Christian to deal with the obiter dicta of Senator Edward Kennedy as though they were freshly minted laws from Aristotle, or *pensées* of Pascal. But what he said at the National Governors Conference is so egregious an effrontery on social philosophy that one must, out of a sense of obligation to reason, deal with it gravely. What he said was that national health care is a human right.

The circumstances were these. Participants at the political meeting were considering various approaches to health care, including President Carter's. Mr. Carter's proposals are more modest than the wholesale nationalization of health care. It isn't that Mr. Carter's philosophy excludes nationalization of health care, it is simply a prudential matter with him. We can't go all the way, says Mr. Carter, until we can afford to do so. On this gesture of moderation Senator Kennedy turned the full force of his scorn. You can't, he said, argue that national health care depends on the state of the economy. Why? Because *"a conditional right is basically not a right"* at all.

NOW THE TROUBLE with that statement is that all secular rights are conditional. So that if you accept Senator Kennedy's broad generality, then it must follow that there are in fact no rights at all. One's right to one's own freedom, indeed to one's life itself, is most conspicuously conditional on the existence of peace. During a war, one of Senator Kennedy's brothers was drafted, told what to do, sent out on a mission, and killed. If that brother, a brave and patriotic man, had defied the law, he'd have been stuck in jail.

Moreover, every commonly acknowledged right is conditional in the sense that it is not permitted to impinge on another right. The inordinate extension of almost any right bumps into the inordinately extended complementary right. Under the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution you have the right to decline to answer questions, but under the Sixth Amendment I have the right to require you to answer questions. Under the First Amendment you are entitled to freedom of the press, but under the Sixth Amendment I am entitled to a fair trial. Any putative "right" to national health care is conditional—never mind the prudence of nationalizing health—on the resources of a nation.

Senator Kennedy wouldn't let it go. He'd have been better off with a fallacious hit-and-run. "We don't condition Social Security on the rate of inflation or the size of unemployment or the size of the deficit," he went on to say. The answer to that is: But we do exactly that. Social Security payments in fact are automatically increased to accommodate inflation. Unemployment benefits are universally limited to specified periods of time. The size of the deficit has a great deal to do with Social Security, for the very simple reason that unless Social Security is self-supported, which it no longer is, it requires a public subsidy. But public subsidies are available only out of public residue. If there is no residue, there can be no subsidy. It is the point President Carter is attempting to make—that at a period when everyone is being taxed by such inflationary policies as are routinely pursued by Senator Kennedy and his colleagues, the whole question of the value of the dollar is at stake. Every time the dollar depreciates by 1 per cent you have had a confiscation of income—without due process. Provisions of the Fourteenth Amendme are also human rights.

There are plenty of philosophical ol jections to the nationalization of healt care, but the prudential ones are qui sufficient to let the hot air out of M Kennedy's balloon. The American pe ple last year spent 8.6 per cent of th gross national income on health car This year we are scheduled to suff an inflation of something on the orde of 10 per cent. If Senator Kenned would vote to cut inflation down t zero, he would be returning to ever American the entire cost of medic care, plus a huge bonus. I dispense th advice to him out of a recognition tha he has a human right to be educated. [

ON DECLARING FOR PRESIDENT

New York, Sept. —It is one of th many exactions c democratic practic that one must, up t a point, be coy when asked whethe one is running for President. The rea son for this is one part practical, bu mostly psychological. As a practica matter a declared presidential candidat loses certain leverages. He cannot b invited to appear on television with out a sense of obligation, under th Fairness Doctrine, to make time avail able to his opponent. People who ru for office and also write newspaper col umns stand to lose their clients upo the declaration of their candidacy.

The psychological reason is, how ever, dominant in most cases. To de clare forthrightly that you desire to b President strikes many audiences as venture either in narcissism, or in sur realism. A youngish man who has no figured in national discussions of presi dential politics stands to lose an audi ence by forthrightly declaring himsel to be a candidate. Some of the audi ence will put him down for presump tion, some for romanticism. Meanwhile the same audience is quite content t hear the same man engage in circum locution when asked directly if he in tends to run for President. His lack o

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rthrightness satisfies the audience that ere is a certain modest indecisiveness ere.

Take Jack Kemp. He is the flashy ung Republican congressman from state New York who has accomished political prodigies by getting a gher and higher vote, election after ection, in a working class district with heavily Democratic and labor union pulation. His national reputation sts, to be sure, in part on his personility, on his exotic background as a ofessional football player, on his good oks, on his success as an orator: but is issue-oriented.

His darling is a thing called the affer Curve, which tells you that the cremental tax on a steeply progressive rve diminishes, rather than increases, deral revenues, while simultaneously epressing the economy. The Laffer urve is less science than economic art, nd one would be unwise to use it as riadne's thread, to be followed blindly search of light and prosperity. But is a sound and popular approach to ne threat of omnipotent government, nd the Kemp-Roth bill, although it iled in the House of Representatives, ot such substantial backing as to make altogether likely that in the next Conress it will rise again, with its heady ppeal of enhancing federal revenues nd diminishing unemployment by cutng all taxes 30 per cent. Speaking for yself, I stay, and raise Kemp thirty.

"Mr. Kemp: Is it or isn't it true that ou are running for President of the Jnited States?"

"Well, these reports go out, and there sn't much you can do about them. 've been talking all over the country—hat's true, I don't deny it—I'm travelng around telling people what high axes are doing to people. And I don't nean just rich people. I mean poor eople. I mean workers, and managers, nd milkmen, and insurance salesmen, nd corporation presidents. Take California. Proposition 13 is fine, just fine. But what have you got in California? You've got—worse than New York, beieve me—the steepest progressive state ncome tax there is. The other day in California the . . . the . . . one of the najor industrial unions managed to get n 8 per cent raise. You know what hat meant? What that meant when hey got around to figuring out their ncome tax forms—which by the way re too complicated, but that's another tory—what they found out was that heir taxes were increased by 11 per ent! How's *that* for a wage increase? Then throw in inflation, and you see ow bad the situation is. That isn't just a problem for my district in the Buffalo area of New York. That's a problem for Californians, that's a problem for Texans, for Floridians, for everybody. That's a problem for *you*!"

That's the kind of thing that happens when you ask somebody whether he wants to be President. It is a rite of passage. The alternative way is the dogged, yes-I'm-going-to-run-history-requires-it. That was George McGovern's way, and he made it to the nomination, and Jimmy Carter's way, and he made it to the White House, where suddenly his afflatus ran out. □

RETRO-WHAT?

New York, Aug. 28—There is an institution called AIM, which stands for Accuracy in Media, whose mission in life is to monitor the principal journals in search of leftward factual bias. The gentleman in charge is one Reed Irvine, and he is in the tradition of those who never give up. This requires, as we shall see, iron-plated skin, and Mr. Irvine's would not be pierced by an anti-tank gun—as witness the recent effort of the executive editor of the *Washington Post*, whose threshold of impatience is less than stratospheric, and who in his final communication with Mr. Irvine declined even to use the customary salutation, "Dear . . ." In a world in which people are obliged to write letters to "Dear Mr. Hitler" or "Dear Mr. Stalin," or "Dear Pol Pot," one needs to be terribly upset to feel that to dispense with the "Dear" has finally become necessary, inasmuch as convention teaches us that the word is not deployed in addressing only the endearing. Indeed, "Dear Sir/You cur" has become something of a cliché.

WHAT HAPPENED? AIM's Irvine wanted to know why the *Washington Post* is always going on about the human rights violations in Chile and South Africa but is parsimonious in its recording of human rights violations in Cuba and Cambodia. Indeed, if AIM's contentions are correct—and in the acrimonious exchange they are not in fact challenged—the readers of the *Washington Post* have scant reason to know that Cambodia is being governed by anyone meaner than Pericles. Reed Irvine, one gathers, tracked down a particular episode involving a press conference of a Cambodian escapee, Pin Yathay, whose story was not carried by the *Post*. The responsibility, it seems, was that of the news editor, who gave as his reason that it was so similar to other stories the *Post* had carried. "We pointed out," writes Mr. Irvine in his newsletter, "that those other stories simply could not be found in the pages of the *Post* in the preceding year. We suggested that Mrs. Graham ought to try to find out the real reason. . . . We noted a pattern of reporting at the *Post* that could reflect the ideological proclivities of some of its personnel."

Mrs. Graham reacted by accusing Irvine of "character assassination" and comparing him—here she fired her Big Bertha—to Joe McCarthy. "Mr. Bradlee," Irvine writes stoically, "was somewhat less temperate." Bradlee wrote: "you have revealed yourself as a miserable, carping retromingent vigilante, and I for one am sick of wasting my time in communication with you."

I pause to look lovingly, but a little suspiciously, at *retromingent*, which James Jackson Kilpatrick, citing Westbrook Pegler, denominates as a sure enough "out-of-town word." If you approach the word in the spirit of a crossword puzzle, it is kind of fun. Retro, as in retrogress, means to move backward, of course. It is a coincidence that I once wrote a novel in which my character, as a schoolboy, got into trouble with his Latin teacher by scrawling on the blackboard, under a caricature of his teacher performing the very act, "*mingo, mingere, minxi, minctus*," which are the principal parts of the Latin verb "to urinate." Thus is Mr. Irvine, in the high pitch of the editor's wrath, accused of urinating backward. The trouble with all this verbal commotion is that it isn't immediately clear how this is biologically possible, and not at all clear why it is disparaging. The usage dictionaries here are particularly unhelpful, as witness the citation in the Oxford: "1817 Keatinge 'the nobler animals, the lion, the elephant, are retromingent.' " In that exchange, Mr. Irvine with his "Mr. Bradlee was somewhat less temperate" emerges as the winner. Sweet are the uses of meiosis.

What should an editor do, when asked by a reader to explain an apparent factual bias? Mr. Irvine's experiences with the publisher of the *New York Times*, Mr. Sulzberger, have proved happier. Mr. Sulzberger directs that queries should be sent to the reporter, who, if he has not answered them within ten days, can expect to see the complaints published in the letters section. Poor Reed Irvine, when he wants space in the *Washington Post*, has to pay for it as advertising, thereby making it possible to buy bigger and better dictionaries for the editor. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSE

DEFINITIONS

A. The lowest possible temperature that the nature of matter admits — 14 125 25 37 156 174 62 68 12 43 / 98 108

B. In a resplendent manner — 59 128 143 166 147 153 177 160 189 13

C. Caustic — 63 9 163 74 184 19 120 146 61

D. One of my ancestors — 3 80 97 92

E. This contains a sauce for meat or fish — 103 31 39 122 71 111 54 155 7 82 / 91 114 126

F. *Lonicera Caprifolium* — 112 6 20 102 196 115 124 134 145 150 / 157 172 203 17 38 34 188 195

G. Unscramble WING THONG — 118 187 106 204 133 165 169 21 141

H. This soft drink should have a snap to it — 142 158 164 200 45 152 15 55 89 41

I. The right of presentation to a benefice or church office — 11 36 44 75 81 87 4 64

J. A marvelous baseball player who finally met his comeuppance — 151 27 135 173 69 148 176 198 10 24 / 94

K. I believe this is a river barge — 159 46 110 88

L. *Colpomenia sinuosa* — 162 47 53 107 72 30 96 83 1 130 / 132

M. Trashy — 185 154 194 186 191 170 139 22

N. Indigent — 197 84 168 181 42 51 57 70 131 121 / 127

O. What a certain lodge member wears — 23 193 78 95 5 8 16 26 67

P. What some newspapers have done as they aged — 29 93 201 32 48 190 136 179

Q. That which is chanted — 33 178 18 167 76 85 99 60 40 79

R. A punctilio — 49 140 56 137 116 109

S. One who interposes *himself between a* lawyer and client to prevent the existence of a direct relationship between them — 180 58 73 149 113 77 35 90 2 28 / 65 104 123 129 144

T. A military command — 52 100 138 50 105 171 117 183 199

U. Attacking from ambush — 66 101 119 192 175 182 202 86 161

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1229 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 L	2 S		3 D	4 I	5 O		6 F	7 E	8 O		9 C	10 J	11 I	12 A	13 B		14 A
15 H	16 O	17 F	18 Q		19 C	20 F	21 G	22 M	23 O	24 J	25 A		26 O	27 J	28 S	29 P	30 L
31 E		32 P	33 Q	34 F	35 S		36 I	37 A	38 F	39 E	40 Q	41 H	42 N		43 A	44 I	45 H
46 K	47 L	48 P	49 R	50 T	51 N		52 T		53 L	54 E	55 H	56 R	57 N	58 S	59 B	60 Q	61 C
62 A		63 C	64 I	65 S		66 U	67 O	68 A	69 J		70 N	71 E	72 L	73 S		74 C	75 I
76 Q	77 S		78 O	79 Q	80 D	81 I		82 E	83 L	84 N		85 Q	86 U	87 I	88 K	89 H	90 S
	91 E	92 D	93 P	94 J		95 O	96 L	97 D	98 A	99 Q		100T	101U	102F	103E	104S	105T
106G		107L	108A		109R	110K	111E		112F	113S		114E	115F	116R	117T	118G	
119U	120C	121N		122E	123S	124F		125A	126E		127N	128B	129S	130L		131N	132L
	133G	134F	135J	136P	137R		138T	139M	140R	141G	142H	143B		144S	145F	146C	147B
148J		149S	150F		151J	152H	153B	154M	155E	156A	157F		158H	159K	160B		161U
162L	163C	164H	165G		166B	167Q		168N	169G	170M	171T		172F	173J	174A		175U
	176J	177B	178Q	179P	180S	181N		182U	183T	184C	185M		186M	187G	188F	189B	
190P	191M	192U	193O		194M	195F		196F	197N		198J	199T	200H	201P	202U	203F	204G

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We'd like to say it's because it's a Volvo.

Or, because it's the best Volvo we make.

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So if you're among the fortunate few who can afford the car you've always dreamed about, maybe you should test drive a car you've never even thought about.

A Volvo 264.

*Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.

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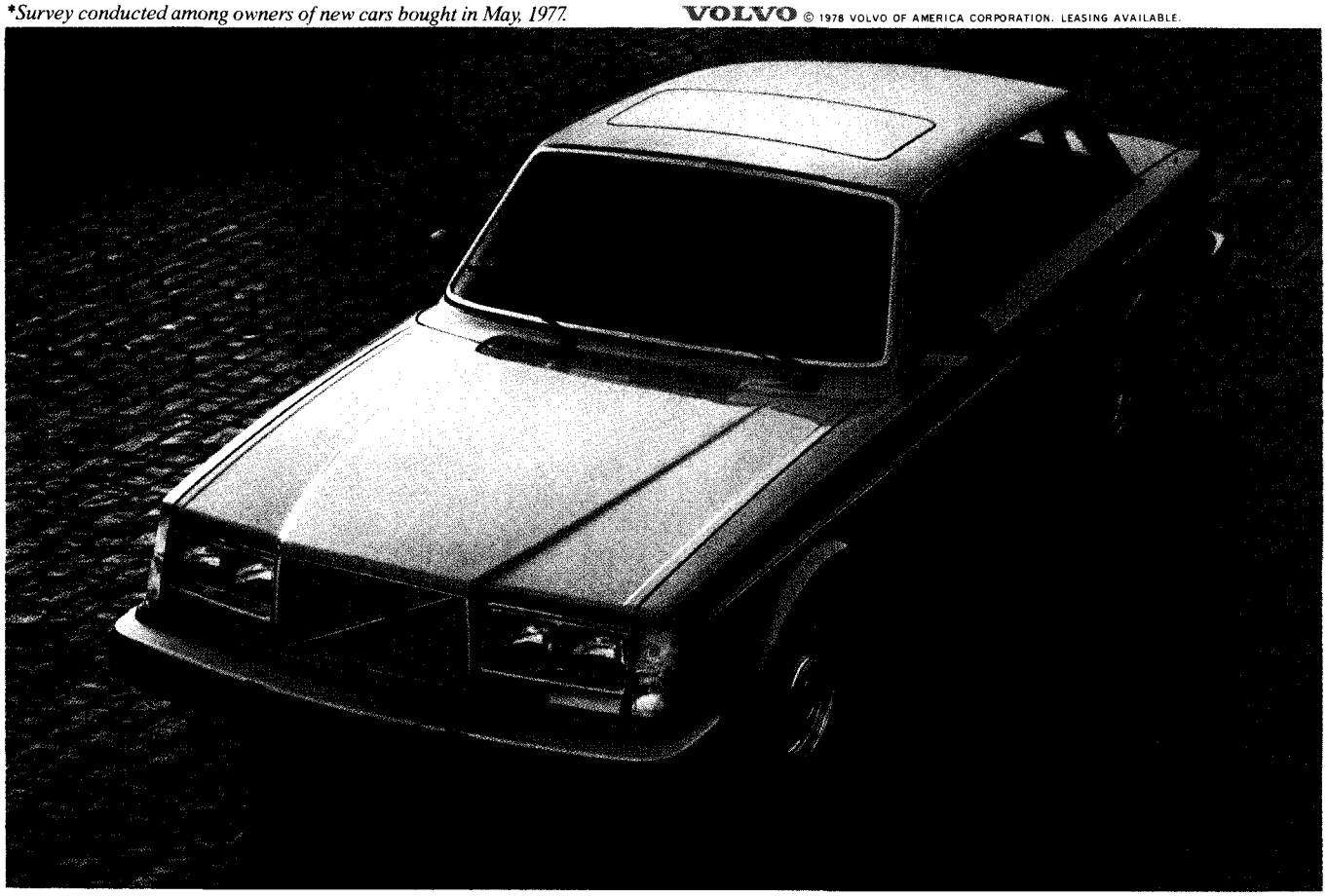

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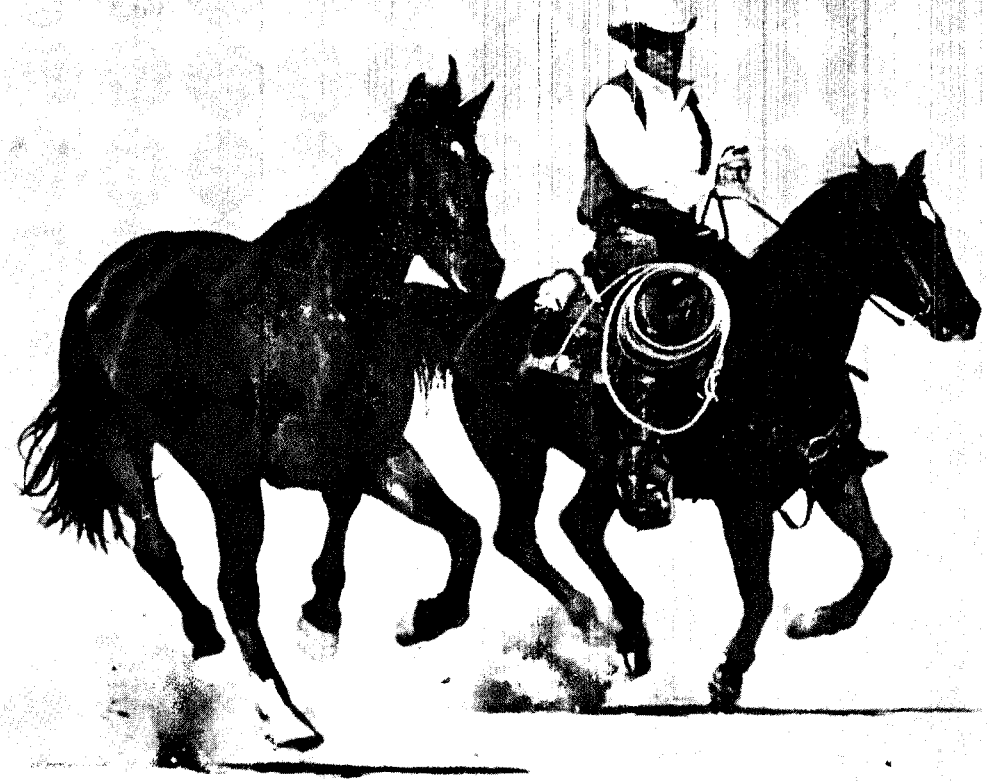

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Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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